THE

Juvenile Magazine,

OR

MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY

OF

Useful Information.

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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WOLF.

THIS animal is nearly allied to the canine family, and indeed, in a few inſtances, has been known to intermix with it, and to produce a ſpurious breed. The wolf has a long head, a pointed noſe, ſharp erect ears, a long buſhy tail, long legs, and longiſh hair; he has large formidable teeth, and is taller than any greyhound; the colour is generally a pale brown, tinged with yellow, though it is ſometimes found white, and in Canada, black. The eyes ſlant upwards, and are of a fiery green; and the whole viſage is ferocious. forming a juſt index to the diſpoſition.

The wolf is, in reality, one of thoſe animals whoſe carnivorous appetite is the moſt vehement, and whoſe means of ſatisfying it are the moſt various. Nature has furniſhed him with

ſtrength, cunning, and agility, and all the requiſites neceſſary for purſuit or conqueſt; yet, with all thoſe advantages, it is his fate frequently to die of hunger. Proſcribed by man, he is compelled to ſeek the moſt ſequeſtered retreats, and it is only when he is impelled by the moſt preſſing hunger, that he ventures to make incurſions near the villages and towns. His depredations, however, are terrible, whenever his raging appetites get the better of his fear; on theſe occaſions, he tears, he deſtroys, with wanton barbarity; and neither men nor animals are ſecure from his attacks.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains, which the ſhining Alps,
And weary Apennines, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling Wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the glaſſy ſnow:
All is their prize! They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.

Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The god-like face of man avails him naught.
Even beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey:
But, if appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yard drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades and frighted ghoſts, they howl.

THOMSON.

Wolves have ſometimes been ſeen following armies, and repairing in numbers to the field of battle, when quitted by the combatants; where they devour all the bodies which they find expoſed, or but negligently buried. When once accuſtomed to human fleſh, they ever after ſhew a particular predilection for it; and thus they have been known to prefer the ſhepherd to his flock.

Hunting the wolf is a favourite diverſion

among the great men in ſome countries; and it is a ſpecies of hunting at which reaſon needs not bluſh, nor humanity drop a tear. To rid the world of a common peſt is meritorious, whether by force or ſtratagem; and, indeed, both are practiſed to effect this purpoſe. He is ſometimes caught in traps, trepanned by poiſoned meat, or lured into pit-fals. Gema mentions a friar, a woman, and a wolf, being caught in one of theſe in the ſame night. The event was, that the woman loſt her ſenſes by the fright, the monk his reputation, and the wolf his life. All theſe diſaſters, however, and all the arts of annoyance practiſed by men, do not prevent the wolf from multiplying. The female goes about three months and an half with young, and produces from five to ſeven or eight cubs at a litter. France, Spain, and Italy, are much infeſted by theſe animals, which, indeed, are diffuſed over many parts of the world; but Great Britain and Ireland are happily delivered from their preſence.

The Anglo-Saxon king, Edgar, was the firſt who endeavoured, with effect, to extirpate theſe animals. He commuted the puniſh-

ment of certain crimes for a ſpecified number of wolves' tongues, and converted the cuſtomary tax of the Welſh into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads. Edward I. took particular pains to effectuate their deſtruction in the counties adjoining to Wales, and they gradually began to diſappear in England. The laſt wolf was killed in Scotland in 1680, by Sir Evan Cameron; and, in Ireland, one is mentioned to have been deſtroyed ſo late as 1710.

The wolf breaths a moſt fetid vapour from his jaws, and is in every reſpect offenſive and diſguſting: a ſavage aſpect, a frightful howl, and inſupportable odour, fierce habits, and a malignant diſpoſition, are the leading qualities in his nature; which render him dangerous and deteſted while living, and uſeleſs when dead.

THE HYÆNA.

"The keen hyæna, felleſt of the fell," as he is characteriſed by the author of the Seaſons, is about the ſize of the wolf, and bears a general reſemblance to the conformation of that animal. The body, however, is covered

with a long, coarſe, aſh-coloured hair, marked with black ſtripes from the neck downwards; and the neck is furniſhed with an upright mane.

This animal is the moſt untractable of any among the ſavage race: it ſeems inſenſible to kindneſs, and is incapable of being reclaimed. It growls almoſt inceſſantly, and ſometimes howls in a note reſembling the voice of a human creature in diſtreſs; hence the ancients invented the fable of its counterfeiting thoſe accents, to lure the unwary traveller into its power. Various other legends are preſerved reſpecting this creature; all founded on the terrors which its aſpect and manners inſpire.

In proportion to its magnitude, the hyæna is certainly the fierceſt of quadrupeds, nor does its courage fall ſhort of its ferocity. It will defend itſelf againſt the lion, is a match for the panther, and frequently vanquiſhes the ounce. It preys on every thing that has life, and frequently violates the repoſitories of the dead; when it can no longer find means to ſatisfy its carnivorous appetites, it makes a meal

on the roots of plants, or the tender ſhoots of the palm trees.

The ſpecies is not very widely diffuſed: it is found in Aſiatic Turkey, Syria, Perſia, and Barbary; and every where is a ſolitary animal, frequenting caverns and clifts of rocks, from which it occaſionally iſſues to ſeek for prey, and retires thither again. A ſpotted variety is common about the Cape of Good Hope; which, according to Sparrman, nightly enters the Cape Town, and preys on offals, without doing any kind of injury. It has been known, however, even in the day-time, to ſnatch up an infant in the ſtreet, and haſten with its prey to its retreats in the mountains.

THE JACKALL.

This animal has obtained the appellation of the lion's provider, merely becauſe it purſues its game by the ſcent; of which the lion avails himſelf, and joins in the chace. It is about the ſize of the fox, and ſeems an intermediate line of ſeparation between the dog and the wolf-kind. Its colour is a bright yellow, whence Linnæus has called it the canis aureus.

The jackall is common in Aſia, in Barbary, and other countries of Africa, as far ſouth as the Cape of Good Hope. Packs of forty or fifty will proceed to the chace, uttering a loud noiſe; and, thus united, they are a match for the boldeſt inhabitants of the foreſt: they will face the ſtrongeſt, and yet ſatisfy their appetites on the meaneſt, animals. They ſeem to have no great apprehenſions even of man himſelf, and will purſue their game to his very dwellings.

Theſe animals, being gregarious, always aſſiſt each other on their predaceous excurſions, whether of the chace or of exhumation; for the dead and the living are equally liable to their attacks. By day, they lurk in ſeparate holes; but, at the approach of night, they collect their numbers, and ruſh out to kill and to deſtroy.

Between the jackall and the dog there is an irreconcileable animoſity, and they never meet without a combat. The natives too of the countries, where they abound, hunt them as the Europeans hunt foxes. Dallen tells us, that this animal is capable of being tamed;

and we have little doubt, but it would propagate with the dog-kind, in a domeſtic ſtate.

THE FOX.

This animal is ſo well known, that to deſcribe its figure might appear ſuperfluous; we ſhall therefore confine ourſelves to ſome of its moſt ſtriking habits and manners. It is a crafty, lively, and ſalacious creature, and will copulate with the dog, which it exactly reſembles in its internal conformation. It differs, however, from the dog in emitting a ſtrong offenſive ſmell, and in many of its leading propenſities.

The artifices of the fox have, in all ages, been proverbial. An immoderate regard to ſelf-preſervation, ſeems to be its actuating principle; and it ſeeks for ſubſiſtence, rather by fraud and addreſs, than by intrepidity and force. It digs itſelf an aſylum in the earth, and ſallies out at the moſt favourable opportunities, whether to plunder a hen-houſe, or to ſeize unawares any unprotected bird or quadruped that falls in its way; nothing in ſhort, comes amiſs to it. When at a loſs for other

food, it will attack a neſt of waſps, or wild bees; and, in ſpite of their ſtings, ſucceed in carrying off the combs.

As the fox is inimical to all other animals, ſo the various tribes of nature ſeem leagued againſt him.—The dog hunts him with peculiar acrimony; and even birds ſeem to take a pleaſure in betraying his ſteps, in expoſing him to the hoſtility of the pack, or announcing his approach to the object of his purſuit.

Among the various tribes of wild quadrupeds, none are more ſubject to the influence of climate than the fox; and the varieties are almoſt as numerous as in any of the domeſtic animals. Zoologiſts have enumerated ſeveral diſtinct ſpecies, as well as varieties; there ſeems, however to be a general conformity between them all: equally fond of petty robbery, and equally uſeleſs, their chaſe affords paſtime for the hunters, who only come in for carrion at laſt. The ſkin, however, is valuable, and in ſome ſpecies procures conſiderable ſums.

THE ARCTIC FOX, OR ISATIS.

The fur of this ſpecies is ſofter than that of the common fox, and the tail is ſofter and more buſhy. Some of theſe animals are blue, and others vary their colour, according to the ſeaſon. The hair is uniformly longer in winter than in ſummer, as is common with reſpect to all animals that inhabit cold climates.

The arctic fox abounds in Norway, Siberia, and Lapland, in Greenland and Spitzbergen; and has moſtly the habitudes of the common kind. It preys on eggs, aquatic fowls, and even fiſh; but, when it gets ſcent of the lemings making one of their migrations, then the arctic fox deſerts its uſual haunts; and, purſuing the courſe of thoſe ſingular little animals, preys on them to the laſt.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

WE would fain believe that the whole of General Waſhington's will has been peruſed

by no man without ſome portion of that calm and pleaſurable elevation which uniformly leaves us better and wiſer beings. It would have been deeply intereſting, conſidered only as the laſt deliberate act of a life ſo beneficial to the human race; but independently of this ſublime aſſociation, it is in itſelf an affecting and moſt inſtructing compoſition. Like all the former manifeſtations of his character, it gives proof that a ſolid greatneſs may exiſt, and make itſelf felt, without any admixture of wildneſs, without any obtruſive appeals to the imagination: it gives proof, conſolatory and inſpiriting proof, how many virtues, too often deemed incompatible with each other, a thinking and upright mind may unite in itſelf. It were ſcarcely too much to affirm of this will, that all the main elements of public and private morals, of civil and domeſtic wiſdom, are conveyed in it either directly or by implication. It is, indeed, no leſs than an abſtract of his opinions and feelings, as a *patriot*, *friend*, and *relation*; and all ariſing naturally and unoſtentatiouſly out of the final diſpoſal of a fortune not more honourably earned than benefi-

cently employed. Appertaining to his character, as the American *patriot*, more exclusively than the other pages of his will, is the plan and endowment of a *central university*. The motives which impelled the General to this bequest, he has stated, with such beauty and precision, as scarcely leave any thing for the philosopher or the eulogist to add. We can only subjoin to the advantages so ably enumerated, that such an institution must be eminently serviceable to America, as having a direct tendency to soften and liberalise the too great commercial spirit of that country, in as far as it will connect the pleasures and ambition of its wealthier citizens, in the most impressible period of life, with objects abstract and unworldly; and that while by friendships and literary emulations it may remove local jealousies, it will tend to decorate the American character with an ornament hitherto wanting in it, viz. genuine local attachments, unconnected with pecuniary interests.

Of a mixed nature, partly belonging to the patriot, and partly to the master of a family, is the humane, earnest, and solemn wish con-

cerning the emancipation of the ſlaves on his eſtate. It explains, with infinite delicacy and manly ſenſibility, the true cauſe of his not having emancipated them in his life time; and ſhould operate as a caution againſt thoſe petty libellers, who interpret the whole of a character by a part, inſtead of interpreting a part by the whole. We feel ourſelves at a loſs which moſt to admire in this intereſting paragraph, the deep and weighty feeling of the general principle of univerſal liberty; or the wiſe veneration of thoſe fixed laws in ſociety, without which that univerſal liberty muſt forever remain impoſſible, and which, therefore, muſt be obeyed even in thoſe caſes, where they *ſuſpend* the action of that general principle; or, laſtly, the affectionate attention to the particular feelings of the ſlaves themſelves, with the ample proviſion for the aged and infirm. Waſhington was no "architect of ruin!"

In the bequeſts to his friends, the compoſition evidences the peculiar delicacy and correctneſs of his mind. The high value which he attached to his old friend, Dr. Franklin's legacy of the gold-headed cane, by bequeathing

it, and it alone, to his brother, Charles Washington; the ſpy-glaſſes, left, with the modeſt parentheſis, "becauſe they will be uſeful to them where they live;" yet not without ſtamping the value on thoſe precious relicts, as having been uſeful to himſelf in the deliverance of his country; the wiſdom of remitting the box to Lord Buchan, with the gentle implication of the impracticability and impropriety of performing the conditions, with which the box had been originally accompanied; that reverence for the primary deſignation of a gift, implied in the words "agreeably to the original deſign of the Goldſmiths' Company of Edinburgh," and which words were beſides neceſſary, in order to prevent the interpretation, that he had remitted it from inability to find any man in his own country equally deſerving of it with the Earl: the bequeſt of the bible, and of the ſwords, the firſt without annotation, the laſt with the ſolemnity of a Chriſtian hero; all and each of theſe we have dwelt upon, as evidences of a mind ſtrong and healthful, yet with a fineneſs and rapidity of the aſſociating power, ſeldom found even in thoſe who derive

ſenſibility from nervous diſeaſe. The gratitude, the deep and immortal gratitude, diſplayed in the declaration of the motives of his bequeſt to his nephew Buſhrod Waſhington, is of a ſtill higher claſs of excellence; and the virtue is individualiſed, and has a new intereſt given it, by his attention to the very letter of an old promiſe, no longer in force. The accuracy with which the eſtates are marked out, will aid the diſtant poſterity of the preſent Americans, in their reverential pilgrimages to the ſeat of their great *Pater Patriæ*. The attachment which he has ſhewn to all his relations, the proviſions which he has made for them all, and the attention to honourable cauſes of local preferment in theſe proviſions, are circumſtances highly noticeable. Highly noticeable too in the disjunction of this family attachment from that deſire of the aggrandizement of ſome one branch of the family, ſo commonly adherent to it. He has weakened by evidence, the beſt and almoſt the only argument for primogeniture, *in new countries*. One fact ſtrikes us particularly in the peruſal of this will. Of all Waſhington's numerous

relations, not one appears as a placeman or beneficiary of the goverr ment, not one appears to have received any thing from their kinſman as Preſident and influencer of the United States, yet all have evidences of the zeal and affection of the Preſident, as their kinſman. *It is not so every where.* There is ſomething in the arrangement of the will, beyond any example, which we recollect, inſtructive and judicious. He commences with a poſitive or perfect duty, the payment of debts; then goes immediately to the moſt reſpectful and affectionate attention to his wife, which becomes more intellectual, more moral, from the circumſtances, which he after notices, of his having remained without iſſue; he proceeds to his concerns as maſter of his family, and provides for the emancipation of his ſlaves; and having finiſhed his moſt immediate and *most* ſacred offices, viz. the domeſtic duties, he riſes, *then*, and *not till then*, into the *patriot*, and founds a central univerſity! After his own family comes his country, and then his relations by conſanguinity not of his own family—after theſe his friends, and all thoſe

whom fellowſhip in arms, or old acquaintance, had endeared to him; and laſt of all, he proceeds to the circumſtantial diſpoſal of his eſtate. Throughout the whole, there reigns a *humaneness* of feeling, a complete union of himſelf with the maſs of his fellow-citizens, ſo as to avoid references to any public characters in that country; and above all, an ardent wiſh for improvement, combined with reverential obſervance, and affectionate awe for preſent and exiſting cuſtoms and feelings. But *Washington* was too great a man to court ſingularity. The dwarf, that ſteps aſide from the crowd, and walks by himſelf, may gain the whole crowd to turn and ſtare at him—*Washington* could attract their admiration while he moved on with them, and in the midſt of them!

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

"Time waſted is exiſtence, us'd is life."

YOUNG.

I frequently have taken the liberty to make enquiry of many young men with whom I am

acquainted, why, after the hours of buſineſs, and the labour of the day, they did not devote their time to ſome literary purſuit? The enquiry with ſome has been treated with contumacious ſilence, by others with ſupercilious contempt: thoſe who had *manners* enough to favour me with an anſwer, generally had the prudence to impute the neglect to ſome cauſe very diſtant from themſelves: from ſome, as a palliation, I was told, that they had not a ſufficiency of time for any ſuch employment, much as they might wiſh to engage in it; others, with more modeſty than prudence, have informed me, that, while at ſchool, they were found to be of ſuch a ſluggiſh and untractable diſpoſition, and ſhewed ſuch averſion to books or learning of any deſcription, that they were pronounced by their tutors incapable of any improvement.—It is not to be wondered at, that ſuch anſwers as theſe ſhould have led me into an error: often have I retired deploring the lot of injured humanity, of men who, by the cruelty of their deſtinies, were precluded for ever from a participation of thoſe enjoyments which ought to be acceſſible to every

rank or individual of Society!—But I have ſince diſcovered, that my credulity has been impoſed upon—that I have been deceived by the ſuggeſtions of indolence, and the excuſes of lazineſs; for, on often putting the queſtion to men who conſumed more than half of the day in uſeleſs inactivity, or in following with eagerneſs the uninſtructive amuſements of the town, the ſame anſwer in ſubſtance has always been given me.—We here diſcover the fertility of men's imaginations in inventing paliatives for their erroneous opinions. However dull and ſtupid theſe men may appear in the ordinary tranſactions of life, they ſeldom or never are at a loſs, when an excuſe is wanting, to cover a falſehood, or to throw an artificial light upon the appearance of things.—Surely that mode of life is erroneous where individuals purſue no conduct becoming their dignity as rational creatures, but appear to be moved to action by a principle little better than brute inſtinct; the height of their wiſhes is to ſatisfy their ſenſual appetites, and the ultimatum of their purſuits, debauchery and diſſipation. That man who has three hours in every day

undiſpoſed of, cannot reaſonably urge as an excuſe that he has not time enough on his hands to devote to ſcience and the improvement of his mind: let him reflect, that ſo much waſted every day, in the courſe of forty years, becomes an awful accumulation—no leſs than ten years of his actual exiſtence. Ye midnight rovers! ye who riot in the halls of diſſipation, or in the cells of proſtitution, reflect on the hours that ye murder, and the time that ye waſte to no generous purpoſe! As men, let us forbear to add to poſitive and unconquerable difficulties, thoſe obſtacles which indolence or irreſolution is ever ready to invent, and when the fatigue of the counting-houſe (or whatever ſituation of life we may be engaged in,) is over, let us relax our minds by the pleaſures of ſtudy, and not make idle excuſes that we have not a ſufficiency of time for ſuch employ. Would not young men by acting in this manner, approach nearer to the intention of Omnipotence, than aſſerting a falſehood to palliate a known fault, and then, perhaps immediately, throwing away that little time which they have, either in the unmeaning

buzz of faſhion, the routine of diſſipation and folly, or at an aſſemblage of human creatures, ſolicitous only concerning the turn of a card, or the rattle of a dice-box?

The plea of ſtupidity is likewiſe grounded in indolence of diſpoſition: for of this I am fully perſuaded, that hardly any taſk is too ſevere, or any obſtacle too great, for human perſeverance to conquer. There are many men unacquainted with the extent of their own powers, and when the ſmalleſt accident obſtructs their progreſs they retire coward-like from a commendable purſuit, when, perhaps, had they the fortitude to try what reſolution is capable of effecting, the colliſion of action with their torpid intellect might awaken them to vigour and to life. Thoſe metallic ſubſtances, which, by the denſity of their nature, are leaſt ſuſceptible of impreſſion, retain it, when once made, much longer than thoſe of a more penetrable texture.—I have obſerved, that the analogy ſtrongly exiſts between the human mind: children, whoſe inert comprehenſions ſeemed to defy the united efforts of art and induſtry, have by unremitting perſeverance,

become great and illuſtrious characters. The human mind ſeems to retain images in proportion to the difficulty of impreſſing them: yet it does not follow, that ſprightlineſs of diſpoſition, quickneſs in reply, and pertinacity of wit, in children, are preſages of their becoming paragons of excellence when men; but it often happens, either through flattery, or other cauſes, that they ceaſe their literary purſuits, contented with what they have already acquired. A certain portion of wiſdom (ſtrange as the hypotheſis may appear) ſeems to be within the reach of every man who is determined to acquire it. Some obtain the *ne plus ultra* at an early period, while others attain it only after intenſeneſs of application and ſeverity of ſtudy. The human mind can be compared to the earth, which will remain barren and ſterile to thoſe who are indolent and ungrateful enough not to ſtudy its cultivation. Deſervedly puniſhed is that man who retires to his tomb with the ignorance of a barbarian; who when living, let the opportunities of inſtruction eſcape, and treated with indignant ſcorn the republic of letters.

However fruitfulneſs of imagination and promptitude of excuſe may furniſh us with expedients to deceive each other, at the great day of retributive juſtice, ſuch fallacies will be of no avail. When the great Judge ſhall enquire in what manner they employed their time when in a corporeal ſtate, and their conſciences muſt tell them, that they wilfully proſtituted it at the ſhrine of diſſipation and folly; what mercy can they expect, after having wantonly deſtroyed one of his beſt gifts?

Therefore, as an exoneration, to ſay, that, after the hours of buſineſs, we have not time enough upon our hands to cultivate our minds, is not defenſible by reaſon, but repugnant to common ſenſe: He who knowingly murders the fleeting moments as they paſs, cannot repine at the puniſhment, becauſe he previouſly knew the penalty.

THE NATURE OF THE DOG.

FROM THE SEMAINIER,—A PARIS PAPER.

WILL it be unworthy of hiſtory—will it be a departure from the reſpect I owe my readers,

to preſerve the memory of a Dog, who poured out his life with his grief upon the aſhes of the man whoſe hand had nouriſhed him? A few days before the 9th *Thermidor**, a revolutionary tribunal, in one of the departments of the North of France, condemned to death M. de R****, an ancient magiſtrate, and a moſt eſtimable man, *guilty*, at fifty leagues from Paris, of a conſpiricy, which had not exiſted at St. Lazare. M. de R. had a water ſpaniel, of ten or twelve years old, of the ſmall breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. De R**** in priſon ſaw his family diſperſed by a ſyſtem of terror;—ſome had taken flight; others, themſelves arreſted, were carried into diſtant gaols; his domeſtics were diſmiſſed; his houſe was buried in the ſolitude of the ſeals; his friends either abandoned him, or concealed themſelves; every thing in the world was ſilent to him except his dog. This faithful animal had been refuſed admittance into the priſon. He had returned to his maſter's houſe and found it ſhut,

**The day on which Robespierre was overthrown.*

He took refuge with a neighbour, who received him; but, that poſterity may judge ſoundly of the times in which we have exiſted, it muſt be added, that this man received him trembling, in ſecret, and dreading leſt his humanity for an animal ſhould conduct him to the ſcaffold. Every day, at the ſame hour, the dog left the houſe, and went to the door of the priſon. He was refuſed admittance, but he conſtantly paſſed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog ſaw his maſter. It was difficult to ſeparate them; but the gaoler carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; and once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked at him, licked his hand again, and went away of himſelf.

When the day of ſentence arrived, notwithſtanding the crowd, notwithſtanding the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and crouched himſelf between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to loſe for ever. The

judges condemned the man; and, may my tears be pardoned for the expreſſion which eſcapes from them, they condemned him in the preſence of his dog. They re-conducted him to the priſon, and the dog, for that time, did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the priſon opens; the unfortunate man paſſes out; it is the dog that receives him at the threſhold. He clings upon his hand. Alas! that hand will never more be ſpread upon thy carreſſing head! He follows him. The axe falls; the maſter dies; but the tenderneſs of the dog cannot ceaſe. The body is carried away, he walks at its ſide; the earth receives it, he lays himſelf upon the grave.

There he paſſed the firſt night, the next day, the ſecond night. The neighbour, in the meantime, unhappy at not ſeeing him, riſks himſelf, ſearching for the dog; gueſſes by the extent of his fidelity the aſylum he has choſen; finds him, carreſſes him, brings him back, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards, the dog eſcaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months paſſed away, each morning of which he e to ſeek his food,

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and then returned to the aſhes of his maſter; but each day he was more ſad, more meagre, more languiſhing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end. They endeavoured by chaining him up, to wean him; but you cannot triumph over nature! he broke, or bit through his bonds; eſcaped; returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they endeavoured to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer. For four and twenty hours he was ſeen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that ſeparated him from the remains of the man he ſo much loved. Paſſion gave him ſtrength, and he gradually approached the body; his labours of affection then vehemently increaſed; his efforts became convulſive; he ſhrieked in his ſtruggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his laſt gaſp, as if he knew that he had found his maſter!

A SPARTAN BON MOT.

THERE are many perſons of weak intellects who place great value on very frivolous accom-

pliſhments, and become very vain of poſſeſſing them. A ſtranger came to Lacedæmon to ſee the city, who had acquired the habit of ſtanding a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him, vauntingly—"You could not preſerve that poſture ſo long."—"I know that," replied the Lacedæmonian, "but a gooſe can."

ANCIENT AND MODERN CHARACTER

OF THE

INHABITANTS OF NORTH WALES.

ON conſidering the character of the North Wallians, we find that little variation has taken place in it, during the lapſe of eighteen centuries; and if we allow for that poliſh, which the progreſs of ſociety naturally produces on individuals, we ſhall ſee the preſent inhabitants of Merioneth and Caernarvonſhire, as well pourtrayed by Diodorus, Cæſar, Strabo, and Livy, as if they had taken the likeneſs in theſe days. The modern, like the ancient

Celt, is in perſon large and robuſt: his countenance ſincere and open; his ſkin and complexion fair and florid, his eyes blue, and his hair of a yellowiſh tinge. As he thus nearly reſembles his anceſtor in *perſon*, he is alſo equally like him in mind and diſpoſition. Openneſs and candour are prominent features in the Welſh character of the preſent day: they are full as ſtrikingly diſplayed by the ancient Celtic nations. That quickneſs of feeling, ſo apparent in the Welſh, which frequently diſplays itſelf in fierce, but tranſient fits of paſſion, and as often produces quarrels and bloodſhed, perpetually embroiled the Celts in war and ſlaughter. National pride, a venial defect in the character of a people, ſince it ariſes only from the exceſs of laudable affections, is proverbial amongſt the inhabitants of the principality, and they ſeem to have it by hereditary deſcent from their Celtic forefathers, who thought more highly of themſelves than the poliſhed nations around them conceived they had a right to do. A religious ſpirit prevails amongſt the lower order of the Welſh, which produces a characteriſtic decency of manners

in that deſcription of people. It is, however, much tinged with ſuperſtition, and the belief in ſpirits and apparitions is very general. The names of many mountains and rocks evince, that they are conſidered as the reſidences of ſubordinate intelligences; and this is accounted for, not ſo much, perhaps, from the credulity natural to ignorant people, as from the circumſtances of the *ſcenery* wherein they reſide, the gloom and deſolation of which, added to its being liable to ſingular and ſtriking variations in appearance, have a ſtrong tendency to affect the human mind (naturally timid) with ſuperſtitious fears and whimſical notions. Similar ſituations will produce ſimilar manners; and hence it appears that their brethren of the Scotch Highlands entertain the ſame opinions, in this reſpect, with the inhabitants of Wales. The ghoſts of the departed, and the ſpirits of the mountains, rocks, and winds, make a conſpicuous figure in the poetry of the North; and ſome of the ſublimeſt paſſages of Oſſian have their origin in theſe popular prejudices. Theſe notions are, probably, unfounded; but they are not unintereſting, nor do we feel

ourſelves inclined to reprobate the mild ſuperſtition in which they originate. It is a principle that ariſes from the feelings and affections of nature; and is, at all events, more amiable than the cold *philosophism* of the preſent day, which diſbelieves every thing, which contracts and petrifies the heart, deadens the affections, and deſtroys all the finer ſenſibilities of the ſoul. The Welſh females ſtill retain that beauty, which drew encomiums on the Celtic mothers from the writers of antiquity. They are middle-ſized, and well ſhaped, ſtrikingly modelled according to the taſte of Anacreon: though their perſons diſplay a proper degree of ſymmetry, yet they are obviouſly ſtouter than the women of South England, and inherit a great portion of that ſtrength which Diodorus mentions as characterizing the Celtic females. Till within theſe few years a complete ſpecimen of this hardy race remained, who inhabited a cottage on the borders of Llanberris lake. Mr. Pennant gives the following entertaining account of her:—"This was Margaret nch Evan of Penllyn, the greateſt hunter, ſhooter, and fiſher of her time. She kept

a dozen at leaſt of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and ſpaniels, all excellent in their kinds. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed ſtoutly, and was queen of the lake; fiddled excellently, and knew all our old muſic; did not neglect the mechanic arts, for ſhe was a very good joiner; and notwithſtanding ſhe was ſeventy years of age, was the beſt wreſtler of the age, and few young men dared to try a fall with her. Some years ago, ſhe had a maid of congenial qualities; but death, that mighty hunter, at laſt earthed this faithful companion of her's." The dreſs of the women is exactly ſimilar throughout the principality, and conſiſts of theſe particulars: a petticoat of flannel, the manufacture of the country, either blue or ſtriped: a kind of bed gown with looſe ſleeves, of the ſame ſtuff, but generally of a brown colour: a broad handkerchief over the neck and ſhoulders; a neat mob cap, and a man's beaver hat. In dirty or cold weather, the perſon is wrapped in a long blue cloak, which deſcends below the knee. Except when particularly dreſſed, they go without ſhoe or

ſtocking; and even if they have theſe luxuries, the latter, in general, has no foot to it. The man's attire is a jacket, waiſtcoat, and breeches, of their country flannel, the laſt of which are open at the knees, and the ſtockings (for the men generally wear them) are bound under the knees with red garters. Both men and women are vivacious, cheerful, and intelligent, not exhibiting that appearance of torpor and dejection which characterizes the labouring poor of England. Their wants being few, are eaſily ſupplied: a little milk, which their own mountain-goat, or the benevolence of a neighbouring farmer affords them, an oaten cake, and a few potatoes, furniſh the only meal they deſire. Unvitiated by communication with poliſhed life, they continue to think and act as nature dictates. Confined to their own mountains, they witneſs no ſcenes of profuſion and extravagance to excite envy and malignity, by a compariſon between their own penury and the abundance of others. They look round, and ſee nothing but active induſtry and unrepining poverty, and are content.

LOVE.

" ——— Take heed,
The colour of our fate too oft is ting'd,
Mournful or bright, but from our firſt affections."
JEPHSON.

THERE is, perhaps, no ſentiment more talked of, and leſs underſtood, than that of love: it has been the theme of the poet, in all ages; it has animated the pencil of the artiſt; and ſtill continues to breathe from every lip, and, in ſome degree, throb in every heart. I am not going to treat the ſubject abſtruſely; I ſhall enter into no long diſcuſſion upon the propriety of calling it a ſentiment; but feeling that it is one, I ſhall deſcribe it in its beſt and moſt ſimplified ſtate, and then proceed to conſider how important a ſhare it takes in every ſituation of life. To you, my dear ſiſters of the female ſex, I particularly addreſs this; for, to you the ſubject is important, as it certainly conſtitutes a far greater portion of *your* happineſs or miſery, than from local ſituation it

poſſibly can do of that of man. With him, I fear, it is too frequently but a paſſion: with you, a ſentiment—a ſentiment that penetrates your hearts; that adds a charm to your duties, and influences the whole of your actions.

Love, in its genuine ſenſe, may be defined as conſiſting of a ſet of feelings, awakened by an object remarkable for all thoſe amiable qualities which are peculiarly congenial with the mind of the lover. It begins, either from a conviction or an impreſſion, that this object is calculated to give and receive happineſs. It ariſes from virtues; it is heightened by graces; and though theſe graces may fade, while the virtues exiſt, its tenderneſs will remain undeminiſhed. That love may be deſcribed in another way, I am well aware; but it is not the love a *woman* ought to acknowledge; which, I truſt, few feel, and none do not bluſh at. It is of ſuch a love, I would warn my fair readers. When a young woman firſt enters upon life, ſhe comes to it with ideas natural to her age, and worthy of her innocence: ſhe looks upon her union with an amiable man, as her grand deſideratum; ſhe

feels the glow of philanthropy dilate every nerve, and at the same time, (for want of an object on which to pour it) a flood of undirected tenderness wasting in her bosom. For this object she watches incessantly; she longs to constitute the sole happiness of a husband, to multiply her duties and pleasures, under the endearing title of *wife*, and the respectable one of *mother!* It is, then, the grand care of her parents to direct, as far as they are able, the energies of her heart. By teaching her to admire virtue and wisdom, they will guide her affections to one who possesses both: but if they leave her mind uneducated, it is but too probable that she will be first attracted by beauty, (that supposed symbol of goodness) fascinated by accomplishments, and rivetted by attentions. The warmth of her own heart will lead her astray: she will believe by its feelings, that where that warmth is to be found, all the virtues reside also: dwelling upon this idea, she will weaken her reason, and increase the force of her attachment: and when either marriage has opened her eyes, to the lamentable certainty of her husband's head

or heart being defective; or, time and experience has convinced her, that he is not all her fond fancy painted, ſhe will be, if not miſerable, at leaſt unhappy. It is againſt yielding to this beautiful, but often ill-directed wiſh of aſſociating ourſelves with another, that I would warn my own ſex. The more, as it is a moſt natural feeling, and when properly regulated, of the moſt eſſential ſervice in cultivating the virtues and graces. That God who implants it in the human ſoul, certainly approves, and ought to direct it; we ſhould place it under the controul of his miniſter, Reaſon, and not foment it by romantic anticipations, or reſtleſs eagerneſs. Woman is but little aware, and I fear but little inſtructed, in the conſequences of her firſt attachments. That they often paſs away, is certain; but, that they leave no traces behind, is as unfounded. They *do* leave traces behind, and thoſe in ſenſible hearts, of a complexion to darken all their future proſpects. We will for a moment imagine the following caſe, as example ſtrikes more than precept—A girl, innocent and intelligent, is brought at once into the world;

ſhe mixes with mankind for the firſt time; ſhe hears the language of paſſion from the lips of a young, handſome man; he poſſeſſes the charms of manners and converſation; he is a compound of faults and virtues; the latter can only be ſeen for ſome time; ſhe gives him credit for perfection; and finding her heart beat with reſponſes to his words; ſhe gives that heart up without reſerve, believing that ſhe ſhould do an injuſtice to virtue, if ſhe heſitated how to act. Now an entire victim to love, time goes on. Accidentally, and by degrees, the character of her lover is developed. She firſt flies from the horrid diſcovery —but it is in vain. Convinced that he has many faults, that they are errors, perhaps the moſt inſupportable to her nature, ſhe is overwhelmed with grief and ſhame; but her love, once raiſed by the ſemblance of *all* the virtues, ſtill fondly hangs upon the few he poſſeſſes; they become ſtill dearer in her eyes. But her attachment is no longer happineſs to her;— ſhe feels it ſtill ſtrong in her boſom, but it is *now* a troubled, agitated *paſſion*, which ſhe dreads to think of, and deluges perpetually

with tears. The preſence and tenderneſs of her lover, yet ſupports the flame; accident, perhaps, ſeparates them; ſhe is now at a diſtance from thoſe agitations and tremors, which his appearance ever occaſioned, and which are ſo inimical to reflection. Cooler and more frequent reaſonings take place; ſhe grows every day more calm, more convinced that ſhe ought to obliterate her love for an object that can bring her but little happineſs to counterbalance its miſery. The taſk grows every day more eaſy, and ſhe at length has totally forgotten all ideas of him, and marriage. She no longer draws flattering pictures of that ſtate with him alone:—but what ſentiments take poſſeſſion of the heart! Love is dead in ſadneſs and diſappointment; every thing now wears a darkened aſpect; that feeling is extinguiſhed, from which ſhe uſed to receive ſo much pleaſure; that feeling which, like the ſun, radiated for her eyes the whole creation. Plunged in the night of the ſoul, ſhe feels the world a blank, and all the energies of her mind expiring. *This* moment is the moſt dangerous of her life.—Should ſhe

yield now, ſhe remains ever after a burden to herſelf, and an uſeleſs load upon that ſociety, the duties of which ſhe no longer wiſhes to fulfil. Should ſhe exert her reaſon, ſhe will, indeed, recover the vigorous tone of her mind; but where is that elaſticity which repelled pain! where the ſanguine chimeras of unbroken hope! who ſhall ſay, that ſhe will not look back upon the memory of her firſt love with a mournful certainty, that all that enthuſiaſm is paſſed away for ever!—that ſhe will not almoſt wiſh herſelf again blinded by prejudice, loving, and beloved? Though no longer a ſlave to fondneſs, ſhe will ever think of this firſt object with pain, to which no language is adequate, and *for* which no reaſon can very clearly be given. And ſhould ſhe again love —ſhould ſhe become a mother and a wife, even in the arms of happineſs and affection, ſhe will remember her *firſt love*, with a ſigh of inextinguiſhable regret;—a ſigh, as much for the ſentiment, as for the object, becauſe her heart's preſent ardour is weakened by the recollection of one, *once* cheriſhed, though now extinct!

Thus does an early indulgence of this natural wiſh, lead many women into ſituations, the effect of which muſt embitter the whole courſe of their lives. It is then, againſt giving way to *firſt impreſſions*, that I ſo ardently write. I would have them watch every emotion of their hearts with an anxious care; and, by doing ſo, they will, perhaps, not find this reſiſtance ſo hard as they fear. A virtuous heart, and a reaſonable head, will feel this all-powerful inſtinct:—but if that virtue does not ruſh into a blind enthuſiaſm, and that reaſon does not give way before the preſs of imagination and credulity, that inſtinct will never miſlead them. The affection which will grow from a contemplation and conviction of merit, will be as warm as all the ardours of youth and philanthropy can make it; and from thoſe ardours it will acquire ſpirit to ſupport all the duties, all the cares which a married life cannot fail of involving woman.

CAROLINE.

OF THE NUTMEG TREE.

THE nutmeg-tree is found in the Eaſt-Indies, and is ſaid to reſemble a pear-tree; the fruit is incloſed in four covers; a thick fleſhy coat, ſomething like that of the walnut, contains the whole, which opens of itſelf when ripe: under this lies a thin reddiſh kind of network, of an agreeable ſmell and aromatic taſte, which we call mace, and is as valuable as the fruit itſelf: the ſhell is the third covering, and is hard, thin, and blackiſh; under this is a greeniſh film, of no uſe, and in it is found the nutmeg. According to Tavernier, birds are the inſtruments of propagating theſe trees by eating the nutmegs, and afterwards dropping them undigeſted upon the ground, and being ſoftened and prepared for growth by the heat of the ſtomach, they readily take root. Theſe birds are not permitted to be killed, on account of this circumſtance, as the productions of this tree afford a very lucrative

branch of commerce to the Dutch Eaſt-India Company, who monopolize the ſpice-trade, and by that means render it very profitable. Nutmegs and mace give an elegant flavour to high-ſeaſoned diſhes, and are frequently uſed in medicine.

OF THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Dr. Hawkeſworth relates that the bread-fruit is found at Otaheite, in the South Sea, on a tree about the ſize of a middling oak. It is as large as our gourds, and the ſurface covered with a kind of network. The eatable part lies between the ſkin and the core: it is as white as ſnow, and of the conſiſtence of new bread. It has an inſipid ſweetiſh taſte, reſembling that of the crumb of wheaten bread, mixed with a Jeruſalem artichoke. It is roaſted and baked before it is eaten, and admirably ſupplies the place of bread, to a people ignorant of the arts of cultivation.

OF THE TEA-TREE.

THE tea-tree, according to Linnæus, is of the polyandria monogynia claſs: the cup is a very ſmall, plane, permanent, perianthium, divided into five or ſix roundiſh obtuſe leaves; the flower conſiſts of ſix or nine large roundiſh, concave, and equal petals; the ſtamina are numerous filaments, about two hundred, and are very ſlender, capillary, and ſhorter than the flower; the antheræ are ſimple: the germen of the peſtil is globoſe and trigonal; the ſtyle is ſubulated, and of the length of the ſtamina; the ſtigma is ſimple; the fruit is a capſule, formed of three globular bodies growing together; it contains three cells, and opens into three parts at the top. The ſeeds are ſingle, globoſe, and internally annulated. It is ſuppoſed that there is but one ſpecies of this tree, and that the difference between green and bohea tea, conſiſts only in the manner of cultivation, and drying the leaves. The root reſembles that of the peach-tree, the leaves

are long and narrow, and jagged all round. The flower is much like that of the wild roſe, but ſmaller; the fruit contains two or three ſeeds of a mouſe colour, including each a kernel. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the plant is propagated; ſeveral of theſe are put promiſcuouſly into a hole, four or five inches deep, at proper diſtances from each other, and require no other care. In about ſeven years, the ſhrub riſes to a man's height, which it ſeldom greatly exceeds.

It is cultivated in Japan, and grows abundantly in China, where whole fields are planted with it, as it forms a very extenſive article of commerce among the Chineſe. It loves to grow in valleys, at the foot of mountains, and upon the banks of rivers, where it enjoys a ſouthern expoſure to the ſun, though it endures conſiderable variations of heat and cold, flouriſhing through the different degrees of climate in the extenſive kingdom of China. Sometimes the tea-trees grow on the ſteep declivities of hills, when it is dangerous, and in ſome caſes impracticable to get at them. The Chineſe are ſaid to make uſe of the large

monkeys, that dwell among theſe cliffs, to aſſiſt them in obtaining the valuable leaves of the tea-trees; they irritate theſe animals, and, in revenge, they climb the trees, and break off the branches, and throw them down the precipice, which gives the gatherers an opportunity of reaching them.

The leaves conſtitute the tea we uſe; the beſt time to gather them is whilſt they are ſmall, young, and juicy; they are plucked carefully one by one; and, notwithſtanding the tedioufneſs of this operation, the labourers are able to gather from four to fifteen pounds each, in one day. The buildings, or drying houſes, that are erected for cutting tea, contain from five to twenty ſmall furnaces, each having at the top a large flat iron-pan. There is alſo a long low table, covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid, and rolled by workmen, who ſit round it; the iron pan being heated to a certain degree, by a little fire made in the furnace underneath, a few pounds of the freſh gathered leaves are put upon the pan, the freſh and juicy leaves crack when they touch the pan; and it is the buſineſs of

the operator to ſhift them as quick as poſſible with his bare hands, till they become too hot to be endured. At this inſtant he takes off the leaves with a kind of ſhovel, and pours them on the mats before the rollers, who, taking ſmall quantities at a time, roll them in the palms of their hands in one direction, while others are fanning them, that they may cool the more ſpeedily, and retain their curl the longer. This proceſs is repeated two or three times, or oftener, before the tea is put into the ſtores, in order that all the moiſture of the leaves may be thoroughly diſſipated, and their curl more completely preſerved. On every repetition the pan is leſs heated, and the operation performed more ſlowly and cautiouſly; the tea is then ſeparated into the different kinds, and depoſited in the ſtore for domeſtic uſe or exportation. The Chineſe drink tea more frequently than the Europeans; it is the chief treat, with which they regale their friends; and it is ſaid, that it is a branch of polite education in that country, to learn to infuſe and ſerve it gracefully. It was introduced into Europe, very early in the laſt cen-

tury by the Dutch Eaſt-India company. About the year 1666, a quantity of it was imported from Holland into England, at which time it was ſold for ſixty ſhillings a pound.

OF THE CHOCOLATE NUT.

THE cacao, or chocolate-nut, is a native of South-America, and is ſaid to have been originally conveyed to Hiſpaniola from ſome of the provinces of New Spain, where it was not only uſed as an article of nouriſhment by the natives, but likewiſe ſerved the purpoſe of money, being employed as a medium in barter; one hundred and fifty of the nuts were conſidered as nearly equivalent to a ryal by the Spaniards. It is a genus of the polyadelphia pentandria claſs; the flower has five petals, and five erect ſtamina; in the centre is placed the oval germen, which afterwards becomes an oblong pod, ending in a point, which is divided into five cells, filled with oval, compreſſed, fleſhy ſeeds. The cacao-tree, both in ſize

and ſhape, has ſome reſemblance to a young black-heart cherry-tree. The flower is of a ſaffron colour, extremely beautiful, and the pods, which, when green, are much like a cucumber, proceed immediately from all parts of the body and larger branches. Each pod may contain from twenty to thirty nuts or kernels, not unlike almonds. Theſe nuts are firſt dried in the ſun, and then packed for market, and after the parchment ſhell, in which they are involved, is removed, they require but little preparation to be made into good chocolate.

The Spaniards were the firſt that introduced the uſe of chocolate into Europe. The method of preparing it, firſt practiſed by them, was very ſimple, and the ſame with that in uſe among the Indians: they only uſed cacao, maize, and raw ſugar, as expreſſed from the canes, with a little achiotte or rocou, to give it a colour: of theſe four drugs, ground between two ſtones, and mixed together in a certain proportion, they made a kind of bread, which ſerved them equally for ſolid food, and for drink; eating it when hungry, and ſteeping it in hot water when thirſty. The Spani-

ards have ſince added many ingredients in the compoſition of their chocolate, which are thought to add but little to its quality. In England the chocolate is ſimply ground with but little other addition than ſugar and vanilla, which is the fruit of a plant cultivated in South-America. Theſe ingredients together are made up into ſuch cakes, as we ſee in the grocers' ſhops; when purchaſed for domeſtic uſe, it requires to be boiled in water, milk, or water-gruel; when ſufficiently boiled, it is milled or agitated with a wooden machine for the purpoſe, and boiled again, in order to froth it, then mixed with ſugar and cream.

There are very few vegetables that require more care to rear and bring to maturity. The firſt buſineſs of the planter is to chuſe a ſuitable ſpot for the purpoſe. A deep black mould is the ſoil beſt adapted to the growth of the chocolate-tree; it ſhould be a level piece of land, ſheltered round with a thick wood, ſo as to be well ſcreened from the wind, eſpecially the north; after having cleared it from all manner of ſtumps and weeds, the planter digs a number of holes, at eighteen or twenty feet

diſtance. Having previouſly ſelected the largeſt and faireſt pods of the cacao, when full ripe, he takes out the grains, and puts them into a veſſel of water; ſuch of them as ſwim he rejects, the others, being waſhed clean from the pulp, and ſkimmed, are ſuffered to remain in the water till they begin to ſprout, when they are fit for planting. His next work is to take the leaves of the banana, or ſome other large leaf, one of which he places in the circumference of each hole, ſo as to line it within ſide; leaving the ſides of the leaf ſome inches above the ground, after which he rubs the mould in very lightly, till the hole is filled; three nuts are then choſen for each hole, and planted triangularly, by making a ſmall opening for each with his finger, about two inches deep, into which he puts the nuts with that end downwards from which the ſprout iſſues, and having lightly covered them with mould, he folds the edge of the leaf over them, and places a ſmall ſtone on the top, to prevent its opening. In the ſpace of about eight or ten days, the young ſhoots begin to make their appearance above the earth, and call once

more for the attendance of the planter, who unfolds the banana leaves, that the growth of the tender plant may not be impeded; in order to ſhelter them from the ſun, other leaves or branches are placed round the hole, and they are changed as often as they decay, during five or ſix months. Such tender care does the cacao require, and ſo requiſite is ſhade to its growth and proſperity, that, beſides the precautions already mentioned, they are obliged to plant ſome other tree to the ſouth-weſt of the plant, which may grow up with it, and ſerve it for ſhelter againſt the ſcorching rays of the ſun; the erythina, or bean-tree, is generally choſen for this purpoſe. In the fifth year it begins to repay the cultivator for his trouble, and by the time it has ſtood eight years, attains to its full perfection. It generally produces two crops of fruit in the year, and will ſometimes continue bearing for twenty years. The ſame delicacy of ſtamina, which characteriſes its infancy, is apparent in all the ſtages of its growth; for it is obnoxious to blights, and ſhrinks from the firſt appearance of drought, and the greateſt part of

a whole crop of cacao-trees have been known to periſh in a ſingle night without any viſible cauſe.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COFFEE-TREE.

THE coffee-tree is a genus of the pentandria monogynia claſs; the flower has one petal, which is funnel ſhaped; it has five ſtamina, which are faſtened to the tube, the roundiſh germen afterwards becomes an oval berry, containing two ſeeds, in ſhape like a half a globe, flat on one ſide, and convex on the other. This tree originally came from Arabia Felix; but is now cultivated with ſucceſs in the Weſt-Indies. It is a low tree, even in its native ſoil, ſeldom exceeding ſixteen or eighteen feet high. In the Weſt-India iſlands the negroes are employed to gather the berries; as ſoon as they change their colour to a dark red, they are fit for gathering. Each negro is provided with a canvas bag, with a hoop in the mouth of it, to keep it

open; it is hung about the neck of the picker, who occaſionally empties into a baſket; and if he be induſtrious, he may pick three buſhels in the day. One hundred buſhels in the pulp, freſh from the tree, will produce about one thouſand pounds weight of merchantable coffee.

There are two methods in uſe of curing or drying the bean. The one is to ſpread the freſh coffee in the ſun, in layers about five inches deep on a ſloping terrace, or platform of boards, with the pulp on the berry, which in a few days ferments, and diſcharges itſelf in a ſtrong acidulous moiſture; and in this ſtate the coffee is left, till it is perfectly dry, which, if the weather is favourable, will be in about three weeks. The huſks are afterwards ſeparated from the ſeeds by a grinding mill, or frequently by pounding them with peſtles in troughs, or large wooden mortars. The other mode is to pulp it immediately as it comes from the tree, which is done by a pulping-mill; the pulp and the bean (in its parchment ſkin or membrane which encloſes it) fall promiſcuouſly together; the whole is then

waſhed in wire ſieves, in order to ſeparate the pulp from the ſeeds; the latter are then ſpread open in the ſun to dry. After this follows the operation of grinding off the parchment ſkin, which covers the bean, and is left after the pulp is removed. When it appears ſufficiently bruiſed, it is taken out of the trough, and put to the fan, which clears the coffee from the chaff, and the ſeeds remaining unground, are ſeparated by ſieves, and returned to the mill, which finiſhes the proceſs.

EXTRACT FROM COWPER,

ON THE

PROGRESS OF ERROR.

[With an Elegant Engraving.]

Sing, muſe, (if ſuch a theme, ſo dark, so long,
May find a muſe to grace it with a ſong)
By what unſeen and unſuſpected arts
The ſerpent error twines round human hearts;
Tell where ſhe lurks, beneath what flow'ry
ſhades;
That not a glimpſe of genuine light pervades,
The pois'nous, black, inſinuating worm
Succeſsfully conceals her loathſome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careleſs and ſupine,
Counſel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truths, that the theoriſt could never reach,
And obſervation taught me, I would teach.
Not all, whoſe eloquence the fancy fills,
Muſical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her mazy windings to their end;
Diſcern the fraud beneath the ſpecious lure,
Prevent the danger, or preſcribe the cure.
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls ſopoforic on the liſtleſs ear;
Like quickſilver, the rhet'ric they diſplay
hin es as it runs, but, graſp'd at, ſlips away.

Plac'd for his trial on this buſtling ſtage,
From thoughtleſs youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to chooſe or to refuſe,
Man may improve the criſis, or abuſe;
Elſe, on the fataliſts unrighteous plan,
Say, to what bar amenable were man?
With naught in charge, he could betray no truſt;
And, if he fell, would fall becauſe he muſt;
If love reward him, or if vengeance ſtrike,
His recompenſe is both unjuſt alike.
Divine authority within his breaſt
Brings ev'ry thought, word, action, to the teſt;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or reſtrains,
As reaſon, or as paſſion, takes the reins.
Heav'n from above, and conſcience from within,
Cries in his ſtartled ear—Abſtain from ſin!
The world around ſolicits his deſire,
And kindles in his ſoul a treach'rous fire;
While, all his purpoſes and ſteps to guard,
Peace follows virtue, as its ſure reward;
And pleaſure brings as ſurely in her train
Remorſe, and ſorrow, and vindictive pain.
Man, thus endued with an elective voice,
Muſt be ſupplied with objects of his choice.
Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or preſent, or in proſpect, meet his ſight;
Thoſe open on the ſpot their honey'd ſtore;
Theſe call him loudly to purſuit of more.
His unexhauſted mine the ſordid vice
Avarice ſhows, and virtue is the price.

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Stothard del. — Tanner sc.

Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent

That Virtue points to?

Here various motives his ambition raiſe—
Pow'r, pomp, and ſplendour, and the thirſt of
praiſe;
There beauty woos him with expanded arms;
E'en Bacchanalian madneſs has its charms.
Nor theſe alone, whoſe pleaſures, leſs refin'd,
Might well alarm the moſt unguarded mind,
Seek to ſupplant his inexperienc'd youth,
Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
Hourly allurements on his paſſions preſs,
Safe in themſelves, but dang'rous in th' exceſs.
Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air!
O what a dying, dying cloſe was there!
'Tis harmony from yon ſequeſter'd bow'r,
Sweet harmony, that ſooths the midnight
hour!
Long ere the charioteer of day had run
His morning courſe, th' enchantment was be-
gun;
And he ſhall gild yon mountain's height again,
Ere yet the pleaſing toil becomes a pain.
Is this the rugged path, the ſteep aſcent,
That virtue points to? Can a life thus ſpent
Lead to the bliſs ſhe promiſes the wiſe,
Detach the ſoul from earth, and ſpeed her to
the ſkies?
Ye devotees to your ador'd employ,
Enthuſiaſts, drunk with an unreal joy,
Love makes the muſic of the bleſt above,
Heav'n's harmony is univerſal love;
And earthly ſounds, tho' ſweet and well com-
bin'd,
And lenient as ſoft opiates to the mind,
Leave vice and folly unſubdu'd behind.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

What virtue or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base,
Will boast it their possession;
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.

If every polished gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend,
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one;
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But proves as ready to believe,
And dream that he has found one.

Candid and generous and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected;
For who but learns in riper years,
That man when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected.

But here again a danger lies,
Leſt having miſemploy'd our eyes,
And taken traſh for treaſure:
We ſhould unwarily conclude,
Friendſhip a falſe ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleaſure.

An acquiſition rather rare,
Is yet no ſubject of deſpair,
Nor is it wiſe complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We ſought without attaining.

No friendſhip will abide the teſt,
That ſtands on ſordid intereſt,
Or mean ſelf-love erected;
Nor ſuch as may a while ſubſiſt,
Between the ſot and ſenſualiſt,
For vicious ends connected.

Who ſeeks a friend ſhould come diſpos'd,
T'exhibit in full bloom diſclos'd,
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he ſeeks,
For 'tis an union that beſpeaks,
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And èqual truth on either ſide,
And conſtantly ſupported;
'Tis ſenſeleſs arrogance t'accuſe,
Another of ſiniſter views,
Our own as much diſtorted.

But will ſincerity ſuffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And muſt be made the baſis;
But every virtue of the ſoul,
Muſt conſtitute the charming whole,
All ſhining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide,
The cloſeſt knot that e'er was tied,
By ceaſeleſs ſharp corroſion;
A temper paſſionate and fierce,
May ſuddenly your joys diſperſe,
At one immenſe exploſion.

In vain the talkative unite,
In hopes of permanent delight,
The ſecret juſt committed,
(Forgetting its important weight,)
They drop thro' mere deſire to prate,
And by themſelves outwitted.

How bright ſo e'er the proſpect ſeems,
All thoughts of friendſhip are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man if you ſucceed,
May prove a dangerous friend indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good poſſeſs'd,
So jealouſy looks forth diſtreſs'd,
On good that ſeems approaching,
And if ſucceſs his ſteps attend,
Diſcerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illuſtrious name,
(Unleſs belied by common fame,)
Are ſadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend diſplays,
A tax upon their own juſt praiſe,
And pluck each others laurel.

A man renowned for repartee,
Will ſeldom ſcruple to make free
With friendſhips fineſt feeling;
Will thruſt a dagger at your breaſt,
And ſay he wounded you in jeſt,
By way of balm for healing.

Who ever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be ſure to hear,
The trumpet of contention;
Aſperſion is the bablers trade,
To liſten is to lend them aid,
And ruſh into diſſention.

A friendſhip that in frequent fits
Of controverſial rage, emits
The ſparks of diſputation,
Like hand in hand inſurance plates,
Moſt unavoidably creates
The thoughts of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boaſt a ſoul
True as the needle to the pole,
Their humour yet ſo various,
They manifeſt their whole lives through
The needles variations too,
Their love is ſo precarious.

The great and ſmall but ſeldom meet,
On terms of amity compleat,
Plebeians muſt ſurrender;
And yield ſo much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with ſmoke,
Obſcurity with ſplendor.

Some are ſo placid and ſerene,
As Iriſh bogs are always green,
They ſleep ſecure from waking;
And are indeed a bog that bears
Your unparticipated cares,
Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogenous politics,
Without an effervescence;
Like that of ſalt with lemon-juice,
Which yet like them does not produce,
A friendly coaleſcence.

That ſecrets are a ſacred truſt,
That friends ſhould be ſincere and juſt,
That conſtancy befits them;
Are obſervations on the caſe,
That ſavour much of common place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and ſtone,
An architect requires alone,
To finiſh a fine building;
The palace were but half compleat,
If he could poſſibly forget,
The carving and the gilding.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back,
How he eſteems your merit,
Is ſuch a friend that one had need,
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

As ſimilarity of mind,
Or ſomething not to be defin'd,
Firſt fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The ſame we practis'd at firſt ſight,
Muſt ſave it from declenſion.

Some ſit upon the prudent plan,
Say little and hear all you can,
Safe policy but hateful;
So barren ſands imbibe the ſhower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,
Unpleaſant and ungrateful.

The man I truſt if ſhy to me,
Shall find me as reſerv'd as he,
No ſubterfuge of pleading,
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
A ſpy on my proceeding.

Theſe ſamples (for alas, at beſt
Theſe are but ſamples, and a taſte
Of evils yet unmentioned,)
May prove the taſk, a taſk indeed,
In which 'tis much if we ſucceed,
However well intentioned.

Purſue the ſearch and you will find,
Good ſenſe and judgment of mankind,
To be at leaſt expedient;
And after ſumming all the reſt,
Religion ruling in the breaſt,
A principal ingredient.

The nobleſt friendſhip ever ſhewn,
The Saviour's hiſtory makes known,
Tho' ſome have turn'd and turn'd it;
But whether being craz'd or blind,
Or ſeeking with a biaſs'd mind,
Have not it ſeems diſcern'd it.

Oh friendſhip! if my ſoul forego
Thy dear delights while here below,
To mortify and grieve me;
May I myſelf at laſt appear
Unworthy, baſe, and inſincere,
Or may my friend deceive me.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to riſe,
And truſt your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watry ſkies;

Retire, retire! theſe tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That ſun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet paſt——
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blaſt,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for ſuch ungentle doom!
But I will ſhield you; and ſupply
A kindlier ſoil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your creſt,
And drawn your balmieſt ſweets away;
O come, and grace my Anna's breaſt.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But did ye know
What worth, what goodneſs there reſide,
Your cups with livelieſt tints would glow,
And ſpread their leaves with conſcious pride.

For there has liberal nature join'd
Her riches to the ſtores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The ſoft, the ſympathiſing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your creſt,
And drawn your balmieſt ſweets away;
O come and grace my Anna's breaſt.

O! I ſhould think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to ſhare,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one ſhort hour of tranſport there.

More bleſt than me, thus ſhall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muſe ſhall give
A verſe; the ſorrowing maid, a ſigh.

While I, alas! no diſtant date,
Mix with the duſt from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a ſtone to tell my name.

I wiſh I was where Anna lies;
For I am ſick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wiſh I could! for when ſhe died
I loſt my all; and life has prov'd
Since that ſad hour a dreary void,
A waſte unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moſs away,
And weeds that have "no buſineſs there?"

And who with pious hand ſhall bring
The flowers ſhe cheriſh'd, ſnow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded ſpring,
To ſcatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with paſſion ſwell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should viſit ſtill, ſhould ſtill deplore—
But health and ſtrength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, ſweet maid! this ſimple ſtrain,
The laſt I offer to thy ſhrine;
Thy grave muſt then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy ſoft perſuaſive look,
Thy voice that might with muſic vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchleſs eloquence of eye,

Thy ſpirits, frolickſome, as good,
Thy courage by no ills diſmay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs ſubdu'd,
Thy gay good-humour—Can they "fade!"

GIFFORD.

From "LLOYD'S POEMS."

For me a plain and ſimple man,
I rev'rence my forefathers, and would hold
Their pious ord'nance ſacred! Much I hate
The coxcomb innovator who would raze
The deeds of other times! Moſt ſweet to me
Theſe chroniclers of life; oft round them twine
Dear recollections of the paſt, the ſum

Of all thoſe comforts which the poor heart feels
While ſtruggling here, bearing with holy care
Its little ſtock of intermediate joy
To bleſs the circle of domeſtic love,
And now farewel! Thus former years have fed
My retroſpective lays! ſad barrenneſs
Scowls o'er the preſent time! No boyiſh ſports,
No youthful dreams, nor hopes fantaſtic, now
Endear thy feſtival! Rapture is fled,
And all that nouriſh'd high poetic thought
Vaniſh'd afar; yet reſignation meek
Chaſtens paſt pleaſure with her evening hues,
And lends a ſober charm, mild as the ſhade
Mantling the ſcene, which gliſten'd late beneath
Day's purple radiance, when grey twilight falls
Soft harmonizing. Rich variety
Pales to a ſadden'd fameneſs!
Nor can I
Forget what I have loſt ſince laſt I hail'd
Thy jolly tide! The aged friend is dead!
The friend who mingled in my boyiſh ſports!
The friend who ſolac'd my eccentric heart!
The friend by whoſe mild ſuffrage unimpell'd
I ne'er could taſte of joy! Yes, ſhe is dead!
So be it! Yet 'tis hard to ſmile, and know
So ſad a loſs! I bend before my God,
And ſilent at the paſt, commune henceforth
Of days in ſtore, 'of righteouſneſs to come,'
Of faith, of hope, and of a better world!

EDUCATION.

THE culture of the human mind, as education may not improperly be called, has ever been conſidered as one of the moſt important concerns of ſociety. Nor is it to be wondered that parents, who know how much the happineſs of the child depends upon its education, ſhould beſtow ſo much care and attention upon this important article. The Greeks and Romans, among whom were produced ſuch prodigies of excellence in every kind of writing, and in every department of civil life, were remarkably attentive to the education of their children, insomuch that they began their education almoſt with their birth. In Sparta, children were taken from the mother at a very early period of their age, and educated at the expence of the public. The famous Roman (Quintillian) adviſes thoſe parents who

deſtine their children to the bar, to chooſe nurſes for them who have a good pronunciation. Various are the modes of education which have been adopted in different ages and nations, but all tend to ſhow of what importance a right education was ſuppoſed to be, for ſcarcely in any part of ſcience has the human mind been more exerted than in the improvement of education; and this deſire of improvement has naturally produced a number of different methods of inſtruction. Nothing can ſhew the advantages of a good one in a ſtronger light, than by contraſting them with the diſadvantages of a bad one. A perſon of a good education, has the mind and body ſo cultivated and improved, that any natural defects are removed, and the beauties of both placed in ſo fine a light, that they ſtrike with redoubled force. While he who has had the misfortune of a bad education, has all his natural imperfections remaining, and to theſe are added artificial ones ariſing from bad habits, or the purſuit of wrong ſtudies. The former engages the attention of thoſe he converſes with, by the good ſenſe he diſplays on

every ſubject, and the agreeable manner in which he conveys it.—The latter diſguſts every company that he comes into, either by his total ſilence and ſtupidity, or by the ignorance and impudence of his obſervations. One raiſes himſelf to the notice of his ſuperior, and advances himſelf to a higher rank in life; the other is obliged to act an inferior part among his equals in fortune, and is ſometimes driven to ſeek a ſhelter for his ignorance and impudence, among the loweſt orders of ſociety.

THE TEMPLE OF DEISM.
A VISION.

Dark night inſtructs, nor are vain dreams in vain. YOUNG.

THE other night being retired from the toil of the day, I amuſed myſelf till bed time in peruſing *Leland's View of the Deistical Writers*. After my candle was extinguiſhed, I reflected for ſome time on what I had read, till ſleep came upon me, when the ſubject of

my waking thoughts impreſſed itſelf ſo ſtrongly, that it employed my fancy for the remainder of the night in the following dream:

Methought I beheld a female in a white robe, with an olive-branch in her hand: a ſun was embroidered in the middle of her boſom, which emitted a radiance that ſtrengthened, not dazzled the eyes of the beholder. With an air that expreſſed majeſty and affection, ſhe pointed to a *temple* that ſtood at ſome diſtance. As ſoon as I deſcried it, I felt none of the tumults of curioſity working in my breaſt, but reading in her eyes that it was her deſire that I ſhould examine its inſide, I went towards it. As I approached, I obſerved that the avenues were declining, and that they were beſpread with roſes, and perfumed with fragrance which rendered the way not only eaſy but agreeable.

The firſt thing I obſerved on my entrance was, that though the *ſun* ſeemed then *in its meridian*, they had excluded its ſplendour, and erected a dim ruſh-light taper in the moſt conſpicuous part of the building, over which was written, in golden characters, THE SUN. As

I turned myſelf round to view the various parts of the edifice, I could perceive a great many perſons employed about the windows in ſtopping up every crack, for fear *the light of heaven* ſhould, by any means, ſteal in and eclipſe the ſplendour of the taper. Having, for ſome time, given a looſe to my aſtoniſhment at ſo odd a circumſtance, I applied myſelf to take a more particular view of every thing that might ſeem worthy of my notice. I then turned my eyes weſtward towards the taper, and could then perceive a throne, on which was ſeated the genius of the place. He appeared of no deſpicable form: age had not made any furrows in his countenance, nor had care much wrinkled his brow. He was clad in a robe of the ſame colour with that of my guide, which was furniſhed by *Affectation*, who ſat at his right hand; his crown lay on a cuſhion on his left, which was guarded by *Vanity*, and behind ſtood *Singularity*, in the quality of his train-bearer. As I caſt my eyes further downwards, I obſerved a great many more of his retinue, whoſe names I could not then diſcover; amongſt thoſe that I knew

were *Pedantry* in the robes of *Learning*, *Wit* in the garb of *Judgment*, and *Dogmatism* in the clothes of *Reason*. I was going to enquire of my guide the name of the perſonage who was thus attended, when I accidentally caſt my eye on a label that was over the throne, and inſcribed—DEISM!

As this whetted my curioſity, I was now reſolved to examine, more minutely, every thing within the edifice, and applied myſelf firſt to the pictures, with which the walls were quite covered. The pieces ſeemed, at the firſt glance, to be performed in a maſterly manner, and by the glare of the colours and ſplendour of the frames, invited and dazzled the ſight at the ſame time. On a nearer inſpection, you cannot conceive how great was my diſappointment; for what at a diſtance ſeemed to indicate the pencil of a *Titian*, when I came cloſer, appeared beneath the touch of the meaneſt *Flemiſh* dauber. It would be tedious, if not impoſſible, to recount the ſubject of every piece, let it ſuffice to mention the moſt ſtriking only. The firſt piece that intruded itſelf on my ſight, was of the hiſtorical kind,

and repreſented the depravity of the Chriſtians in the fifth century. It was, indeed, very much laboured, diſguſted the ſpectator by too great a ſhew of art, was, in ſome places, void of proportion, and had its capital images bigger than life. Next this hung a piece of no mean kind: this was a full length of *Julian*, but I could diſcover very few features of the apoſtate, nor indeed ſhould I ever have known it had been intended for him, had it not been for the fragment of an epiſtle, which was ſubſcribed with his name, and laid on a table near him. The face expreſſed ſo much humanity, openneſs of heart, and benevolence, that it would have paſſed better for the picture of the Chriſtian biſhop he ordered to be murdered, than for the Emperor himſelf. Below this hung a piece of *Chriſt* riding on an aſs, crowned with thorns, and holding a reed in his hand; he was ſurrounded with a crowd, whoſe countenances betrayed the greateſt degree of admiration, joined with the moſt profound ſtupidity. On the ſide of it was *Mohammed*, adorned with all the regalia of eaſtern pomp, ſurrounded by a troop of *Janizaries*, holding

a *Koran* in his left hand and a drawn ſabre in his right. I perceived that the painter had endeavoured to deſcribe ſome features in the countenances of theſe perſonages ſo nearly alike, that they might have appeared to indolent and ignorant ſpectators to belong to the ſame family. Above this hung another piece that gave me no leſs diſguſt—it was SUPERSTITION, with her left hand bathed in blood, in her right ſhe held an hoſt, her eyes were fixed on a crucifix—BIGOTRY ſupported her tottering ſteps, VIOLENCE poured out bags of gold at her feet, and IGNORANCE was burning incenſe to her; over her head was wrote in capitals—CHRISTIANITY. The ſight of this was ſo painful, that I turned from it very abruptly, and looking the genius in the face, obſerved him eyeing the two laſt pieces with a ſingular ſatisfaction and a joyous triumph.

As ſeveral bronzes and ſtatues were diſperſed round the room, I thought them alſo not unworthy my attention.

On the right hand of the throne was the ſtatue of SCEPTICISM, devouring its own

offspring. Near this was MODESTY, very much mutilated. Oppoſite to this was a kind of Coloſſus, caſt in braſs, of an excellent workmanſhip, it was PRIDE, trampling under his feet KNOWLEDGE and INSPIRATION, who were, at the ſame time, caſting the moſt affectionate regards of pity on him. At a little diſtance I thought I perceived a copy of the two famous gladiators, but, on a nearer inſpection, found they were two apoſtles, *St. Paul* and *St. Peter*, carved in that attitude by a librarian, and by him preſented privately to the genius.

On the ſouth ſide of the fabric I perceived a door open, and by the deſire of my guide, who was all this time inviſible, I made up towards it, and found it led to another apartment, which I was informed was called the ſchool. Here all the diſciples were initiated in the principles of the genius; the maſter of the ſchool, who diſcovered great warmth in his countenance, was named PREJUDICE; he was the only ſon of PASSION and INCONSIDERATENESS, and in his features reſembled both his parents. He held in his hands a *quarto volume*,

very pompously printed and bound, which was a compilation of the most celebrated pieces that were wrote in vindication of the rights of the genius: the noble author, who had left it as a legacy for the use of the school, had his statue erected in the middle, with this remarkable motto—GREATER and BETTER. At that time I must confess, that I was at a loss to affix any idea to the words, but now recollect I have met with the same inscription on a monument in *Battersea* church, which is equally unintelligible. The binding was of massy gold, which was neither cast nor chased, but formed into its present dimensions by a *Mallet*. The smith, like other artizans, had like to have suffered for his ingenuity*.

* *The author here evidently means* lord Bolingbroke, *who was buried in* Battersea *church, and whose writings were, after his death, published in a superb manner by* Mr. Mallet, *who was zealous in the chilling cause of deism. Dr. Johnson once remarked, respecting this affair of his lordship's,* "*That after having loaded a blunderbuss against the comfort and happiness of mankind—he* cowardly *left it to another to* pull the trigger!"

I went out of this room into an area, where I perceived a number of people employed in building the *temple of* VIRTUE: the director of the works was a perſon of no mean character—every thing that could contribute to embelliſh and adorn, was laviſhed on the edifice; fitneſs, beauty, harmony, and proportion, appearing throughout the whole: but I perceived the ſtructure built on a *ſandy foundation*, tottering with every tumultuous blaſt, and tumbling at the impulſe of every ſtorm!

My GUIDE, who now diſcovered herſelf, offered her counſel to the workers, and adviſed them to run up a buttreſs or two, which might add ſtrength, and would ſupport the whole ſtructure for ages; and, at the ſame time, recommended RELIGION as one who had built many a temple of that ſort which *had ſtood, and would ſtill ſtand* FOR EVER! Her advice, which ſeemed to me judicious, *they* looked on as ridiculous, and proceeded in their works on *their* firſt plan, but while they were employed in meaſuring the proportion of a column—a ſudden guſt aroſe and ſwept away the whole building!!

The ſurpriſe I felt at ſo ſtrange an occurrence awoke me, and left me at liberty to commit my viſion to paper.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

[From Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.]

DEAR SON,

THERE is no ſpecies of advice which ſeems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which reſpects the marriage ſtate; for it is a matter in which the firſt muſt have acquired ſome experience, and the laſt cannot. At the ſame time it is found to be that in which advice produces the leaſt effect. For this various cauſes may be aſſigned; of which, no doubt, the principal is, that paſſion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reaſon from her ſhare of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with

which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young perſons. If, in deſcanting a little upon this ſubject, I can avoid theſe errors, I flatter myſelf you are capable of beſtowing ſome unforced attention to what an affectionate deſire of promoting your happineſs, in ſo eſſential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between ſons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be ſtated in a ſingle poſition—that the former have in their minds the firſt month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps you will, and with juſtice, deny that this is the difference between us two, and will aſſert that you, as well as I, in thinking of this connection, reflect on its laſting conſequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be conſidered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extenſive obſervation.

I need ſay little as to the ſhare that perſonal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this

kind. While I readily admit, that it is desirable that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourself, and require a suitableness of years and vigour of constitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the subject, let us proceed to consider the two main points on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in life must depend—her qualifications as a *companion*, and a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world on the condition of sharing a cabin with an unknown messmate, how solicitous would you be to discover his character and disposition before you set sail! If, on enquiry, he should prove to be a person of good sense and cultivated manners, and especially of a temper inclined to please and be pleased, how

fortunate would you think yourſelf! But if, in addition to this, his taſtes, ſtudies, and opinions, ſhould be found conformable to yours, your ſatisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt that the circumſtance which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendſhip. On the other hand, if he were repreſented, by thoſe who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obſtinate, and quarrelſome, of manners and diſpoſitions totally oppoſite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than ſubmit to live ſo many months confined with ſuch an aſſociate.

Apply this compariſon to the domeſtic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the ſharer in pain and pleaſure—the mother and inſtructreſs of your offspring. Are you not ſtruck with a ſenſe of the infinite conſequence it muſt be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and underſtanding of one who ſtands in this relation; and of the comparative inſignificance of external charms and ornamental accompliſhments? But as it is ſcarcely probable

that all you would wiſh in theſe particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to aſcertain which qualities are the moſt eſſential, that you may make the beſt compromiſe in your power. Now, taſtes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of ſo much conſequence as the fundamental properties of good ſenſe and good temper. Poſſeſſed of theſe, a wife who loves her huſband will faſhion herſelf in the others according to what ſhe perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a conſiderable diverſity remain between them in ſuch points, this is not incompatible with domeſtic comfort. But ſenſe and temper can never be diſpenſed with in the companion for life; they form the baſis on which the whole edifice of happineſs is to be raiſed. As both are abſolutely eſſential, it is needleſs to enquire which is ſo in the higheſt degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than ſeparate; for the juſt and reaſonable eſtimation of things which true good ſenſe inſpires, almoſt neceſſarily produces that equanimity and moderation of ſpirit in which good temper properly conſiſts. There

is, indeed, a kind of thoughtleſs good nature which is not unfrequently coupled with weakneſs of underſtanding; but having no power of ſelf-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting ſolid felicity. When, however, this eaſy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is ſome danger leſt even men of ſenſe ſhould overlook the defects of a ſhallow capacity, eſpecially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, deſigned rather for the amuſement of their lords and maſters, than for the more ſerious purpoſes of life. But no man ever married a fool without ſeverely repenting it; for though the pretty triffler may have ſerved well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly aſſumes the reins of domeſtic, and eſpecially of parental controul, ſhe will give a perpetual heart-ache to a conſiderate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with inſtances of conſiderable powers of the underſtanding, combined with waywardneſs of temper, ſufficient to deſtroy all the comfort of life.

Malignity is ſometimes joined with wit, haughtineſs and caprice with talents, fourneſs and ſuſpicion with ſagacity, and cold reſerve with judgment. But all theſe being in themſelves unamiable qualities, it is leſs neceſſary to guard againſt the poſſeſſors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domeſtic felicity, you have probably already ſeen enough of the matrimonial ſtate to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, alſo adapt her for the office of a *helper;* but many additional ones are requiſite. The original purpoſe for which this ſex was created, is ſaid, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate;* yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which leaſt occupies the imagination in the ſeaſon of courtſhip. Be aſſured, however, that as an office for *life*, its importance ſtands extremely high to one whoſe ſituation does not place him above the want of ſuch aid; and fitneſs for it ſhe[illegible] make a leading conſideration in his choi[illegible]

Romantic ideas of domeſtic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true ſtate of things, which will ſhew that a large part of it muſt ariſe from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniencies. A clean and quiet fire-ſide, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a houſe managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a ſtranger, a ſkilful as well as affectionate nurſe in time of ſickneſs—all theſe things compoſe a very conſiderable part of what the nuptual ſtate was intended to afford us: and without them no charms of perſon or underſtanding will long continue to beſtow delight. The arts of houſewifery ſhould be regarded as *professional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to ſelect one for that ſtation who is deſtitute of them, or diſinclined to exerciſe them, however otherwiſe accompliſhed, it is as abſurd, as it would be to chooſe for your lawyer or phyſician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or phyſic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will are not the only requiſites for the

office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is leſs frequently met with among the females of the preſent age than might be wiſhed. How much ſoever infirm and delicate health may intereſt the feelings, it is certainly an undeſirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a helpmate, than a condition which conſtantly requires that aſſiſtance which it never can impart. It is, I am ſure, the fartheſt thing from my intention to harden your heart againſt impreſſions of pity, or ſlacken thoſe ſervices of affectionate kindneſs by which you may ſoften the calamitous lot of the moſt amiable and deſerving of the human ſpecies. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional ſources of happineſs; and it would be mere folly in their ſtead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and diſtreſſes. A kin to an unnerved frame of body, is that ſhrinking timidity of mind, and exceſſive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carri-

ed beyond all reaſonable bounds in modern education, can ſcarcely be doubted by one who conſiders what exertions of fortitude and ſelf-command are continually required in the courſe of female duty. One who views ſociety cloſely, in its interior as well as its exterior, will know that occaſions of alarm, ſuffering, and diſguſt come much more frequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the ſick, and the dying. When the houſe becomes a ſcene of wretchedneſs from any cauſe, the man often runs abroad, the woman muſt ſtay at home and face the worſt. All this takes place in cultivated ſociety, and in claſſes of life raiſed above the common level. In a ſavage ſtate, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the moſt laborious, as well as the moſt diſagreeable taſks. If nature, then, has made them ſo weak in temper and conſtitution as many ſuppoſe, ſhe has not fuited means to ends with the foreſight we generally diſcover in her plans.

I confeſs myſelf decidedly of the opinion of thoſe who would rather form the two ſexes to

a reſemblance of character, than contraſt them. Virtue, wiſdom, preſence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *sexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform, and evils to endure. It is ſurely a moſt degrading idea of the female ſex, that they muſt owe their influence to trick and fineſſe, to counterfeit or real weakneſs. They are too eſſential to our happineſs to need ſuch arts; too much of the pleaſure and of the buſineſs of the world depends upon them, to give reaſon for apprehenſion that we ſhall ceaſe to join partnerſhip with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excuſed from affected langour and coquetry. We ſhall not think them leſs amiable for being our beſt helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you juſt ideas of the principal requiſites in a wife, eſpecially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compaſs of an adviſer. From the influence of paſſion I cannot guard you: I can only depreciate its power. It may be more to the purpoſe to diſſuade you from *haſty engagements*, becauſe in

making them, a perſon of any reſolution is not to be regarded as merely paſſive. Though the head haſt loſt its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And ſurely if we are to pauſe before any action, it ſhould be before one on which "all the colour of remaining life" depends. Your reaſon muſt be convinced, that to form a ſolid judgment of ſo many qualities as are requiſite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of caſual viſits or public exhibitions. Study your object at *home*—ſee her tried in her proper department. Let the progreſs be, liking, approving, loving, and laſtly, declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice ſo formed is not likely to deceive!

You may think it ſtrange, that I have not touched upon a conſideration which generally takes the lead in parental eſtimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on any thing extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the ſame thing as fortune go any other way. It has its value, and certain-

ly no ſmall one in procuring the deſirable comforts of life; and to ruſh into a ſtate in which wants will be greatly increaſed, without a reaſonable proſpect of being able to ſupply thoſe wants, is an act, not merely of careleſſneſs, but of downright folly. But with reſpect to the ſources whence their ſupply is to be ſought, that is a particular enquiry to each individual; and I do not think ſo ill of your prudence as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another conſideration, that of the *family connections* ormed by marriage, is of a ſimilar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, juſt as in forming thoſe connections after any other mode: though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally ſtrong. One who is maſter of his deliberations, may be truſted to decide theſe points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your deciſions may always ſhew you to be poſſeſſed of a due power of ſelf-direction, is the earneſt wiſh of,

Your truly affectionate, &c.

ANECDOTES.

Dr. DARWIN,

WHO has the happy art of illuſtrating from the moſt familiar circumſtances in real life the moſt abſtract theories of philoſophy, gives us the following pictureſque inſtances of the uſe of varying motives to prolong exertion.

A little boy, who was *tired* of walking, begged his papa to carry him. "Here," ſays his father, "ride upon my gold-headed cane." The pleaſed child, putting it between his legs, galloped away with delight.

Alexander the Great, alſo, one day ſaw a poor man carrying upon his ſhoulders a heavy load of ſilver for the royal camp: the man tottered under his burden, and was ready to give up the point from fatigue.—"Hold on, my friend, the reſt of the way, and carry it to your *own* tent, for it is *yours*," ſaid Alexander.

THE UPAS, OR POISON TREE.

" Where ſeas of glaſs with gay reflection ſmile,
" Round the green coaſt of Java's palmy iſle;
" A ſpacious plain extends its upland ſcene,
" Rocks riſe on rocks, and fountains guſh between.
" Soft breathes the breeze—eternal ſummers reign,
" And ſhowers prolific bleſs the ſoil in vain!
" No ſpicy nutmeg ſcents the vernal gales—
" No towering plantain ſhades the mid-day vales—
" No graſſy mantle hides the ſable hills—
" No flow'ry chaplet crowns the trickling rills—
" No ſtep retreating on the ſand impreſt,
" Invites the viſit of a ſecond gueſt.
" Fierce in dread ſilence on the blaſted heath
" Fell Upas ſits!———"

DARWIN.

A DESCRIPTION of a tree in the iſland of Java, called the Upas or Poiſon tree, is given to the public by a ſurgeon belonging to the Dutch Eaſt-India Company, of the name of Foerſch, who was ſtationed at Batavia in the year 1774. Surpriſing as theſe accounts may

be, they are accompanied with so many public facts, and names of persons and places, that it is somewhat difficult to conceive them fabulous.

The Upas grows about seven leagues from Batavia, in a plain surrounded by rocky mountains, the whole of which plain, containing a circle of ten or twelve miles round the tree, is totally barren. Nothing that breathes or vegetates can live within its influence. The bird that flies over it drops down dead. The beast that wanders into it expires. The whole dreadful area is covered with sand, over which lie scattered loose flints and whitened bones.

This tree may be called the Emperor's great military magazine. In a solution of the poisonous gum which exudes from it, his arrows and offensive weapons are dipped: the procuring, therefore, of this poisonous gum, is a matter of as much attention as of difficulty.

Criminals are only employed in this dreadful service. Of these several every year are sent with a promise of pardon and reward if they procure it. Hooded in leathern cases, with glass eyelet holes, and secured as much

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as poſſible from the full effluvia of the air they are to breathe. They undertake this melancholy journey, travelling always with the wind. About one in ten eſcapes, and brings away a little box of this direful commodity!

ON WAR.

IT puzzles the faculties to conjecture what can influence the ruling men of all nations to delight in war, there appears in it a charm that compenſates the toil and pain of all its votaries; the tears of humanity are unheeded, the ſhrieks of diſtreſs are unheard, the widowed mother, and her orphan children are unpitied, and the ſweet voice of peace is overpowered by the ſhouts of conqueſt, and the yell of murder!

Were ſuch men to reflect, that when the *Demon of War* gives the ſignal for battle, and is brandiſhing his bloody ſword, he leads his fierce hirelings to the ſlaughter of unoffending

men, who are, perhaps, without any motives of reſentment, or deſire of revenge—And could we ſurvey the ſoldier writhing with his wounds, his mangled face beſmeared with gore, could his groans be heard when he breathed his laſt—did we behold unſatiated ſlaughter ſtill ſtalking over the enſanguined field thirſting for more victims to glut his rage, ſhould we not involuntarily exclaim :—Great God! why doſt thou ſuffer ſuch horrible calamity, ſuch dreadful deſolation? Is it poſſible that all men were created by thy hand, that thus with ſavage fury mankind deſtroy their fellow men, the nobleſt of thy works? But the ways of Heaven are unſearchable, and finite beings limited in underſtanding—the ſlaves of paſſion, the bigots of opinion, of pride, avarice, and ambition, cannot preſume to queſtion the plans of that Providence whoſe power is omnipotent—whoſe wiſdom is unerring—whoſe decrees are unchangeable. Yet our feelings for ſuffering humanity cannot, nor ought they to be ſuppreſſed.

It is the duty of every man, as far as the ſphere of his influence reaches, to eradicate

ſuch ſentiments from the mind, to convince the underſtanding that war is repugnant to the precepts of our religion, that it is a violation of the law of nature, that if we conſult our feelings, we ſhall find them invariably revolt at the idea of death.

Who does not feel the painful ſenſation of curdling blood at even cruſhing to death an inſect, or a reptile? And ſhould the image of the Deity then be ſo wantonly, ſo profuſely deſtroyed?—Unnatural thought!—Already have too many thouſands of men been ſacrificed at this demon's ſhrine! What can attone for the diſtracting agitation of that man's mind who is torn from the ſoft boſom of domeſtic joy, from thoſe dear native ſcenes where all around was melody and peace? What compenſation can thouſands of families receive for all thoſe hardſhips they are obliged to ſuffer in thoſe receptacles of poverty, the workhouſes of great manufacturing cities? Trade being ſuſpended, the pillars of their families have been neceſſiated to join the legions of their country, and perhaps forced forever by the noxious climate, or the deſtroying ſword from

the ſight of thoſe for whom they toiled, and from whom they received reciprocal, and endearing affection.

From the lowly cottage, the ſweet and ſimple ſtrain of cheerful induſtry is ſeldom heard. Health's ſportive chubby children playing around the door, or ſwelling the chorus of their mother's ſong, are now, ſad reverſe! working in a pent-up room, immured from freedom, and alas! too often diſciplined for trivial faults, inſeparable from youth, not with the juſt and lenient hand of a parent, but by the ſavage and oppreſſive hands of ignorance and paſſion. Paleneſs and dejection now ſit upon the matron's cheeks where the roſeate hues of health once glowed, and which were once animated with liberty and joy.

Were thoſe who are ambitious of their country's renown one moment to reflect that it muſt be purchaſed by the ſufferings and the death of thouſands—were they to picture to themſelves what hardſhips (even if life is ſpared) ſoldiers experience, they would not ſo unheſitatingly be the advocates for wars.

Thoſe who are houſed from the inclemen-

cies of the weather, remote from danger, unharraſſed by fatigue, may, without fear, fight their woundleſs battles, but they know not the anguiſh of thoſe men whoſe boſoms are expoſed to the ſeverity of every ſtorm, who often ſtand half-immerſed in water ſhivering in the trenches, ſometimes forced to lie down on the cold ground, when exhauſted nature urges them to ſleep, whilſt the noble and the wealthy cits are repoſing in ſoft luxuriance on their downy beds.

To a reflecting mind it is particularly aſtoniſhing that when men are converſing on this general topic with animation, they can forget the aſſociated ideas of carnage and deſtruction. What exultation ſparkles in the eyes when victory is announced! A health to the brave conqueror is vociferated—the cannon's thundering voice reſounds—the ſtreets glow with brilliant illuminations—ſhouts of joy diſturb the ſerenity of night. Poor thoughtleſs beings! inſtead of exhibiting tokens of ſuch extravagant joy, rather run, if ye are patriots indeed, and pour the balm of eaſe into the boſom of thoſe groaning with anguiſh.

CURIOUS CHARACTER OF JAMES THE FIRST.

DR. WILLIAMS

PREACHED and printed his funeral ſermon, with the title of Great Britain's Solomon. This ſermon is a curioſity, and deſerves to be known as a ſpecimen of the groſs flattery of thoſe times. His text was 1 Kings, xi. 41, 42, and part of the 43d. verſe. After having mentioned the text, he begins thus: "Moſt high and mighty, moſt honourable, worſhipful, and well-beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; it is not I, but this woful accident that chuſeth the text." He then proceeds to conſider it as applicable to Solomon, and afterwards compares him and James "Firſt, as it were in one general lump, or mould, that you may ſee by the *oddness* of their proportion, how they differ from all kings beſides. And then with a particular examination of the part of my text, that you may obſerve, by the ſeveral members, how well they reſemble the one the other."

"For the bulk or the mould, I dare preſume to ſay, you never read in your lives of two kings more fully paralleled amongſt themſelves, and better diſtinguiſhed from all other kings beſides themſelves. King Solomon is ſaid to be *unigenitus coram matre ſua*, the only ſon of his mother. Prov. iv. 3. So was King James. Solomon was of a complexion white and ruddy. Can. v. 10. So was King James. Solomon was an infant king, *puer pavulus*, a little child. 1 Chron. xxii. 5. So was King James, a king at the age of thirteen months. Solomon began his reign in the life of his predeceſſor. So, by the force and compulſion of that ſtate, did our late ſovereign King James. Solomon was twice crowned and anointed a king. So was King James. Solomon's minority was rough, through the quarrels of the former ſovereigns. So was that of King James. Solomon was learned above all the princes of the eaſt. So was King James above all the princes in the univerſal world. Solomon was a writer in proſe and verſe. So, in a very pure and exquiſite manner was our ſweet ſovereign King James.

Solomon was the greateſt patron we ever read of to church and churchmen; and yet no greater (let the houſe of Aaron now confeſs) than King James. Solomon was honoured with ambaſſadors from all the kings of the earth; and ſo you know was King James. Solomon was a main improver of home commodities, as you may ſee in his trading with Hiram; and, God knows, it was the daily ſtudy of King James. Solomon was a great maintainer of ſhipping and navigation; a moſt proper attribute to King James. Solomon beautified very much his capital city with buildings and waterworks; ſo did King James. Every man lived in peace under his vine and fig-tree in the days of Solomon; and ſo they did in the bleſſed days of King James. And yet towards his end King Solomon had Secret enemies, Razan, Hadad, and Jereboam, and prepared for a war upon going to his grave; ſo did King James. Laſtly, before any hoſtile act we read of in the hiſtory, King Solomon died in peace, when he had lived about ſixty years; and ſo you know did King James."

One would think this had been enough of all

conſcience; but the Right Reverend Preacher proceeds "to poliſh and refine the members of this ſtatue in their diviſion and particular."

"In his ſtyle," ſays he, "you may obſerve the Eccleſiaſtes; in his figures the Canticles; in his ſentences the Proverbs; and in his whole diſcourſe *reliquium verborum Solomonis*, all the reſt that was admirable in the eloquence of Solomon. From his ſayings I come to his doings, *Quæ fecerit*, all that he did. Every action of his ſacred Majeſty was a virtue, and a miracle to exempt him from any parallel amongſt the modern kings and princes. Of all the Chriſtian kings that ever I read of, he was the moſt conſtant patron of churches and churchmen. I will ſpeak it boldly, in the preſence here of God and men, that I believe in my ſoul and conſcience, there never lived a more conſtant, reſolute, and ſettled Proteſtant, in point of doctrine, than our late ſovereign. Through all Europe, no more queſtion was made of his being juſt, than of his being King. He was reſolute enough, and ſomewhat too forward in thoſe unapproachable places (the Highlands) ſcattering his enemies as much with his exam-

ple as he did with his forces. Beſides theſe adventures of his perſon, he was unto his people, to the hour of his death, another cherubim with a flaming ſword, to keep out enemies from this paradiſe of ours."

After flouriſhing upon his political wiſdom and learned works, he goes on to let us know, "That as he lived like a king ſo he died like a ſaint. All his latter days he ſpent in prayer, ſending his thoughts before into heaven, to be the harbingers of his happy ſoul. Some four days before his end, he deſired to receive the bleſſed ſacrament, and ſaid he was prepared for it by faith and charity. He repeated the articles of the Creed, and after the abſolution had been read and pronounced, he received the ſacrament with that zeal and devotion, as if he had not been a frail man, but a cherubim clothed with fleſh and blood; he twice or thrice repeated *Domine Jesu vini cito;* and after the prayer uſually ſaid at the hour of death was ended, his lords and ſervants kneeling, without any pangs or convulſions at all, *dormivit Solomon*, Solomon ſlept. And his ſoul," adds the good Biſhop, "ſevered from the dregs of

the body, doth now enjoy an eternal *dreaming* in the preſence of God, environed no more with lords and knights, but with troops of angels and the ſouls of the bleſſed, called in this text his fore-runners or fathers."

THE

PORTRAIT OF A TRADING JUSTICE,

AS IT WAS DESCRIBED AT COACHMAKER'S HALL, IN THE YEAR 1786.

HIS head is the ſcull of a ſuperannuated attorney, in which are depoſited the brains of a gooſe. On either ſide hang the ears of an aſs, to ſhew his family connections. His eyes, with which he looks at virtue, merit, and fortitude, are thoſe of an owl in the ſunſhine, blinking. He has the teeth of a mouſe, that will knaw through a deal board for a bit of toaſted cheeſe. And his tongue, like that of a jack-daw, cannot ſpeak till ſlit with a piece of ſilver. He has the hands of a monkey, picks up all within his reach, and hides the booty

that he fingers. His breaſt is the paunch of a hog filled with the blood of the malefactor; the bread of the indigent, and the tears of the orphan and widow, which, like the petrifying water of ſome rivers, have hardened his heart to ſtone. He has the back of a bear, fitted only for an exhibition or a cudgel; and his legs ſhall be furniſhed by an old cow, for the ſake of a cloven foot.

As it would be highly improper to let him go naked, we will clothe him; but not in an Engliſh dreſs, for he is a diſgrace to the name. On his head you behold the turban of official inſolence, in which he rivals the great Mogul. His under garment is the veil of ignorance, which he anxiouſly wiſhes to hide; over his ſhoulders hangs the mantle of tyranny, and his feet are ſhod with the ſandals of impiety and perjury.

Let us now enquire after his qualifications for the office, and we ſhall find him poſſeſſed of the compaſſion of a crocodile, who weeps over his prey to increaſe his ſpoils. The demon of avarice taught him benevolence, and he carries the bleſſings of the unfortunate in

a nut-ſhell. He has the ſympathy of an oſtrich, who deſerts its young and diſplays the ſenſibility of a ſtoic,

It is neceſſary to give him an equipage ſuitable to his rank, and that ſhall complete the portrait. His coach is the car of oppreſſion; the arms painted upon it are diſcord and knavery, embracing each other in the field of plunder. The horſes that draw him are fear and flattery; the footmen that follow him are infamy and contempt. Belzebub mounts the coach-box, and an old proverb makes him an excellent motto—*He muſt needs go whom the devil drives.*

OF THE BEAVER.

THE Beaver is about four feet in length, and twelve or fifteen inches broad; his ſkin in the northern regions is generally black; but it brightens into a reddiſh hue, in the tempe-

rate climates. He is covered with two ſorts of hair, one long, and the other a ſoft down; the latter which is an inch in length, is extremely fine and compact, and furniſhes the animal with a neceſſary degree of warmth, the long hair preſerves the down from dirt and wet. The head is like that of the otter, but longer, the ſnout is pretty long, the eyes ſmall, the ears ſhort, round and hairy on the outſide, but ſmooth within, and the teeth very long, the under teeth project the breadth of three fingers, and the upper, half a finger, all of which are broad, crooked, ſtrong and ſharp; beſides thoſe teeth, which are called inciſors, which grow double, are ſet very deep in their jaws, and bend like the edge of an axe; they have ſixteen grinders, eight on each ſide, four above, and four below, directly oppoſite to each other. With the former they are able to cut down trees of a conſiderable ſize; with the latter, to break the hardeſt ſubſtances; the legs are ſhort, the fore-legs not exceeding four or five inches in length, the fore-paws are formed ſomething like the human hand.

Theſe feet ſerve the beaver to dig, ſoften, and work the clay for different purpoſes, the hind feet are furniſhed with membranes, or large ſkins, extending between the toes, like thoſe of ducks, and other water-fowl; the tail is long, a little flat, entirely covered with ſcales, ſupplied with muſcles, and perpetually moiſtened with oil or fat, which the creature diſtributes all over them with his ſnout, and which he procures from four bags, which are placed under the inteſtines, and are found in every beaver, whether male or female. Theſe bags are filled with a reſinous liquid ſubſtance, which, when it is ejected, ſettles into a thick conſiſtence. Phyſicians call it caſtoreum, and preſcribe it as an excellent remedy againſt poiſons, vapours, and other maladies, but when it grows old, it blackens, and degenerates into a dangerous poiſon.

The form and ſtrength of the teeth are ſuited to cutting of wood and hard ſubſtances, and we have already been told that with theſe they are able to fell trees; the fore-paws are adapted to handling and diſpoſing the materials of the work; the hind-feet are formed for

ſwimming, and evidently ſhew that the creature is intended to live in both elements, and is what is called an amphibious animal; the tail, from its flatneſs, and the hardneſs of its ſcales, may ſerve very well for a hod, ſuch as bricklayers uſe for carrying mortar, &c. And it is not totally improbable, that a creature furniſhed with ſuch tools, and endued with a proportionable degree of ſagacity to uſe them, ſhould be able to conſtruct houſes of three ſtories, or build bridges, &c.

When they are going to chuſe a place to build a habitation, they aſſemble in companies ſometimes of two or three hundred, and after mature deliberation, fix on a ſpot where plenty of proviſions, and all neceſſaries may be found. Their houſes are always ſituated in the water; and when they can find neither lake nor pond adjacent, they endeavour to ſupply the defect, by ſtopping the current of ſome brook or ſmall river, by means of a cauſey or dam; for this purpoſe they ſet about felling of trees, which ſeveral of them together effect pretty eaſily, with their ſtrong teeth; they take care to chuſe out thoſe that

grow above the place where they intend to build, that they may ſwim down the current. They alſo, with wonderful ſagacity, contrive that they may have the leſs way to carry them.

After the tree is felled, they cut it into proper lengths, and then roll them into the water, and navigate them towards the place where they are to be uſed. The cauſey raiſed with theſe pieces of wood, is ſometimes ten or twelve feet in thickneſs at the foundation; it deſcends in a ſlope on the ſide next the water, The oppoſite ſide is raiſed perpendicularly like our walls, and the ſlope, which at its baſe, is twelve feet broad, diminiſhes towards the top to the breadth of two feet. They drive the extremities of theſe pieces of wood very near each other, into the earth, and interlace them with other ſtakes more ſlender and ſupple. But as the water without ſome other prevention, would glide through the cavaties, and leave the reſervoir dry, they have recourſe to a clay, which they perfectly well know how to procure, and which they work up into a kind of mortar with their tails, and cloſe up

the interſtices with it, both within and without, and this entirely ſecures the water from paſſing away. If the violence of the water, or the footſteps of hunters, who paſs over their work, damage it, they immediately ſet about repairing it. They build their cabbins, either on piles in the middle of the ſmall lakes, they have thus formed, on the bank of a river, or at the extremity of ſome point of land, that advances into a lake. The figure of them is round or oval, divided into three partitions, raiſed one above another. The firſt is ſunk below the level of the dike, and is generally full of water, the other two ſtories are built above it. The whole edifice is moſtly capable of containing eight or ten inhabitants. Each beaver has its peculiar cell aſſigned him, the floor of which he ſtrews with leaves, or ſmall branches of the pine tree, ſo as to render it clean and comfortable. Their works, eſpecially in the cold regions, are completed in Auguſt or September, after which they furniſh themſelves with a ſtore of proviſions. During the ſummer, they regale upon all the fruits and plants the country produces. In the winter

they eat the wood of the aſh, the plane, and other trees, which they ſteep in water, in quantities proportionable to their conſumption; and they are ſupplied with a double ſtomach, to facilitate the digeſtion of ſuch ſolid food, at two operations. They cut twigs from three to ſix feet in length, the larger ones are conveyed by ſeveral beavers to the magazine, and the ſmaller by a ſingle animal, but they take different ways. Each individual has his walk aſſigned him, to prevent the labourers from being interrupted in their reſpective occupations. Theſe parcels of wood are not piled up in one continued heap, but laid acroſs one another with interſtices between them, that they may the eaſier draw out what quantity they want; and they always take the parcel at the bottom. They cut this wood into ſmall pieces, and convey it to their cell, where the whole family come to receive their ſhare. Sometimes they wander in the woods, and regale their young with a freſh collation. The hunters, who know that theſe creatures love green wood better than old, place a parcel of the former about their lodge, and then have ſeveral devi-

ces to enſnare them. When the winter grows ſevere, they ſometimes break the ice, and when the beavers come to the opening for air, they kill them with hatchets, or make a large aperture in the ice, and cover it with a very ſtrong net, and then overturn the lodge, upon which the beavers, thinking to eſcape in their uſual way, by flying to the water, and immerging at the hole in the ice, fall into the ſnare, and are taken.

The hunters catch vaſt numbers of them every year, for the ſake of their ſkins, and bags of caſtor, which they bring to the merchants, who ſend them to Europe.

OF THE INDIAN RUBBER,

It conſiſts of a very elaſtic reſin, produced by a tree, which grows on the banks of the river of the Amazons. It grows to a very great height, perfectly ſtraight, having no branches except at top. Its leaves bear ſome

reſemblance to thoſe of the manioc: they are green on the upper part, and white beneath. The ſeeds are three in number, and contained in a pod, conſiſting of three cells, not unlike thoſe of the palma chriſti; and in each of them there is a kernel, which being ſtripped and boiled in water, yields a thick oil or fat, which the natives uſe for the ſame purpoſes that we do butter. The juice, which is applied to many different uſes, is collected chiefly in time of rain, becauſe it flows then moſt abundantly. They make an inciſion through the bark, and there iſſues through it a milky liquor. It is ſaid, that the means employed to harden it, is kept a profound ſecret. Though ſome aſſert, that it thickens, and becomes gradually ſolid by being expoſed to the air. As it becomes ſolid, it ſhews an extraordinary degree of flexibility and elaſticity. The Indians make boots of it, which water cannot penetrate: they have a method of ſmoking them, that makes them look like real leather. Bottles are alſo made of this ſubſtance, to the necks of which are faſtened hollow reeds, ſo that the liquor, that is contained in

them may be ſquirted through the reeds by preſſing the bottle. One of theſe, filled with water, is always preſented to each of their gueſts at their entertainments, who never fail to make uſe of it before eating.

Flambeaux made of this reſin give a brilliant light, and have no bad ſmell. A kind of cloth is alſo prepared from it, which the inhabitants of Quito apply to the ſame purpoſes as our oil-cloth, or ſail-cloth. It is alſo formed into a variety of figures by means of earthen moulds, that ſerve both for uſe and ornament.

A FAMILY CONVERSATION ON THE SUBJECT OF THE WHALE.

FATHER, MOTHER, AUGUSTA, SOPHIA, CECILIA, CHARLES, and HENRY.

Mother. MY dear Auguſta, I am glad to ſee you; my girls tell me you deſire to be of our party, when we meet of an even-

ing. Your company will be always agreeable to me, and I hope our converſation will be inſtructive to you.

Auguſta. I accept the invitation with pleaſure; but I hope to receive entertainment as well as inſtruction; for I ſhall never be able to attend to a long dry lecture, without ſome amuſement to render it palatable.

Father. I have choſen the Whale for our ſubject to night, and the information it affords I expect will be new and wonderful to you all.

Charles. Is not the Whale found in the ſeas towards the north pole?

Father. Yes, my dear, they chiefly inhabit the ſeas towards the north pole; though many whales are caught in the South Seas toward that pole; but the chief fiſhery has been near the coaſt of Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and Greenland; where many ſhips go every year, for the ſole purpoſe of catching whales.

Mother. We may admire the goodneſs of Providence, who leaves not the moſt obſcure corner of the globe without its pecu-

liar riches. Theſe countries, which ſcarcely ſupply food for their wretched inhabitants, and are covered with ſnow, full nine months in the year, are viſited by people from diſtant parts of the world who brave every danger, for the ſake of taking the whales, which are found in their ſeas.

Cecilia. I cannot think what uſe they can be of, to tempt people to go ſo far for them.

Father. You will find that they ſupply ſeveral uſeful articles for our convenience. Your ſtays, for example, would not be ſo well ſhaped without whalebone.

Cecilia. Are the bones that ſtiffen our ſtays really the bones of whales?

Father. The ſubſtance called whalebone, adheres to the upper jaw, and is formed of thin parallel laminæ, called whiſkers; ſome of the longeſt are four yards in length; they are ſurrounded by long ſtrong hair, to guard the tongue from being hurt, and alſo to prevent the return of their food, when they diſcharge the water out of their mouth.

Henry. Whiſkers four yards long! how

fierce the whale muſt look! pray what ſize is he himſelf?

Father. The common whale is the largeſt of all animals, of whoſe hiſtory we have any certain account; it is ſometimes found ninety feet long, and thoſe which inhabit the torrid zone are ſaid to be much larger. The ſize of the head is about one third of the whole fiſh, the under lip is much broader than the upper, which is narrow and oblong, the tongue is a ſoft, ſpongy, fat ſubſtance, ſometimes yielding five or ſix barrels of oil; the gullet or ſwallow is very ſmall for ſo large an animal, not exceeding four inches in width; but that is proportioned to the food it eats, which is a particular kind of ſmall ſnail; or as ſome ſay, it varies its repaſt with the Meduſa, or ſea blubber, an inſect which is found in the ſea.

Sophia. Is not the whale a fiſh of prey then? I thought it would devour men, if they unhappily fell in their way.

Father. They are quite harmleſs and inoffenſive to every thing but inſects. The only danger to be apprehended from them

is the ſtarting of a plank in the ſhip, or the overturning of a boat, with their huge bulk,

Augusta. Oh terrible! what can induce men to incur ſuch dangers, when they may ſtay quietly at home and enjoy themſelves?

Mother. There are many ſtrong reaſons that prevail with thouſands to undergo a life of hardſhip, toil, and danger. The neceſſity of earning a living, to which you, who are brought up in the enjoyment of plenty, are ſtrangers, is one ſtrong inducement.

Sophia. But I would chuſe ſome eaſier employment; a gardner has an agreeable life.

Father. But do you not reflect that all men cannot be gardeners; there is employment for but a few in that line. Providence has wiſely endued mankind with as great a variety of inclinations and purſuits, as there is diverſity in their perſons; ſome ſhew a very early inclination for a ſea-life, that no danger can deter, or perſuaſions prevail with them to give up; which appears to be implanted for the purpoſe of providing the means of an intercourſe between the inhabitants of diſtant countries, by which each party may reap ad-

vantage by interchanging the ſuperfluous produce of diſtant climes, and exerciſing the mutual good offices of love and kindneſs. But to return to the whale; it has two orifices in the middle of the head, through which it ſpouts water to a great height, and, when it is diſturbed or wounded, with a noiſe like thunder. Its eyes are not larger than thoſe of an ox, and placed at a great diſtance from each other. There is no fin on the back, but on the ſides, under each eye there are two large ones which ſerve it for rowing. The colour varies, the back of ſome being red, others black, and another variety is mottled; the belly is generally white. They are extremely beautiful in the water; the ſkin is very ſmooth and ſlippery. Under the ſkin the whale is covered with fat or blubber, from ſix to twelve inches thick, which ſometimes yields from one to two hundred barrels of oil. All Europe is ſupplied with oil for lamps, and many other purpoſes, from this blubber. The fleſh is red and coarſe, ſomewhat like beef; the Greenlanders eat it, and the Icelanders ſoak it in ſour whey.

Charles. It muſt be very diſagreeable food. I ſhould think, the oil would make it very greaſy and ſtrong.

Father. So it does; but the poor people who live in countries ſo far north, have but little variety of meat to tempt their appetite. In winter, as your mother has already remarked, the ground is covered with ſnow, and affords no vegetation but a little moſs, which is found on the bodies of trees, conſequently the larger animals, ſuch as cattle, &c. cannot ſubſiſt there. The reindeer is peculiar to thoſe parts, and ſupplies his maſter with a ſcanty proviſion during that dreary ſeaſon; but as they are valuable for many other purpoſes, they are unwilling to kill them but from neceſſity; the fleſh of the whale is therefore reckoned a dainty, which may afford us a leſſon, to be contented with beef and mutton, and to diſcourage that ſpirit of gluttony and ſenſual indulgence. that prevails too glaringly at the tables of the rich, who are ſeldom ſatisfied with one or two plain diſhes, but cover their tables with a profuſion, that invites a

falſe appetite, and waſtes the good things that are provided for our uſe.

Charles. Do whales ever ſtray ſo far from their uſual haunts, as to be found on our coaſts? it would give me great pleaſure to ſee one.

Father. There have been inſtances of a few, that have been left at low water on ſhore, but they occur but ſeldom. Notwithſtanding its vaſt ſize, the whale ſwims ſwiftly, and generally againſt the wind. The female brings but one, or at moſt two young ones at a time, which are nine or ten feet long; they ſuckle their young, and if purſued, ſhew the ſame maternal ſolicitude for the preſervation of their offspring, as land animals, by wrapping them up in their fins cloſe to their bodies.

Sophia. Pray, does the whale yield any other produce, that is uſeful to man, except oil and whalebone?

Father. Yes; Spermaceti is prepared from the oil that is found in the head of a whale. It is melted over a gentle fire, and

put into moulds, like thoſe wherein ſugar loaves are formed ; when cold and drained, it is taken out and melted over again, till it be well purified and whitened ; it is then cut with a knife into flakes, and is uſed as a medicine for various complaints of the lungs ; it is alſo uſed for making candles, which are but little inferior to thoſe made of wax.

Charles. I cannot imagine what means can be deviſed to catch and manage an animal of ſuch prodigious ſize.

Father. No animal is ſo large or powerful, but muſt yield to the ſuperior ſagacity of man. The method of taking whales is truly curious, and I ſhall have pleaſure in entertaining you with a recital of it.

All. Pray begin, we are all attention.

Father. The whale veſſels uſually ſail about the beginning of April, and ſteer northward, till they reach about the 75th degree of north latitude, where they uſually begin to meet with the ice. It is among theſe huge heaps of ice, that float about in theſe ſeas, that they find the whale, and there moſt of the

veſſels take their ſtation for the fiſhing. Every ſhip has ſix or ſeven boats belonging to it, each of which has one harpooner, one man to ſteer, one to manage the line, and four ſeamen to row it; each boat is provided with two or three harpoons, ſeveral lances, and ſix lines faſtened together, each one hundred and twenty fathoms long. To each harping iron is faſtened a ſtrong ſtick, about ſix feet long, and a ſoft pliable line of as many fathoms, called the fore guager, which is faſtened to the lines in the boat. The inſtrument with which the whale is ſtruck, is a harping iron, or javelin, pointed with ſteel, in a triangular ſhape, like the barb of an arrow. The harpooner, upon ſight of the fiſh, flings the harping iron with all his might againſt its back; and if he be ſo fortunate as to penetrate the ſkin and fat, into the fleſh, he lets go a line faſtened to the harping iron, at the end of which is a gourd, which ſwimming on the water, diſcovers where the whale is: for the minute he is wounded, he plunges to the bottom, commonly ſwimming againſt the wind; and this is the moment of danger, leſt

he ſhould outrun the length of the line, and pull the boat after him into the deep; to guard againſt this inconvenience, a man is fixed by the line with a ſharp knife, ready to cut it in a moment, in caſe of neceſſity. If the whale return for air to breathe, the harpooner takes the opportunity to give him a freſh wound, till fainting by loſs of blood, from repeated wounds, the men ſeize that moment for approaching him, and thruſting a long ſteel lance under his gills, into his breaſt, and through the inteſtines, ſoon diſpatch him. When the carcaſe begins to float, they cut holes in the fins and tail, and tying a rope in them, tow him to the veſſel, where he is faſtened to the larboard ſide of the ſhip, floating upon his back, almoſt level with the ſea.

Charles. What wonderful ſkill and dexterity are requiſite in a Greenland ſailor! I ſhould like to make one voyage with them.

Mother. Your curioſity and ardour are excited by the account your father has given us of their expeditions, but you are not aware of the hardſhips they undergo from the ſeverity of theſe northern climates.

Augusta. I have been accuſtomed to look with contempt on ſuch people, as greatly my inferiors; but for the future, I will try to reſpect every body whoſe employments are uſeful.

Father. You will do right; for a Greenland whale catcher is a much more valuable member of ſociety, than an idle man of fortune, who lives on the labours of others. In order to take the blubber or fat, from which they procure the oil, and the fins, as they are called, or whalebone, ſeveral men get upon the fiſh, equipped with a kind of iron caulkers or ſpurs, to prevent their ſlipping, and cut off the tail, which is hoiſted on deck, and then cut ſquare pieces of blubber, weighing two or three thouſand pounds, which are hoiſted on board with the capſtan, where each piece is again divided into ſmaller pieces, of two or three hundred pounds weight, then theſe are thrown into the hold, and left for a few days to drain. When all the blubber is cut from off the belly of the fiſh, it is turned on one ſide, by means of a piece of blubber, left in the middle, called the cant or turning

piece: thus they cut out the ſides in large pieces, which they call hockies. The next operation is to cut out the two large jaw bones, ſituated in the under lip, which when hoiſted on deck, are cleanſed, and faſtened to the ſhrouds, with tubs placed under them to catch the oil which they diſcharge. The carcaſe is left to float, and ſupplies food for Greenland birds, called mallemuck, &c. After the pieces of blubber have lain a few days in the hold, they hoiſt them on deck, cut them into ſmall pieces, and put them through the bung holes into their caſks; one of the largeſt fiſh will fill more than ſeventy butts. The produce of a good large whale is valued at about one thouſand pounds. When thus richly laden, they begin to ſail homewards with their ſpoil: on their return, the fat is to be boiled, and melted down into train-oil. The whale-fiſhery begins in May, and continues through the months of June and July. Whether the ſhips are ſucceſsful or not, they muſt come away, and get clear of the ice before the end of Auguſt.

Sophia. I thank my dear father, for

this very entertaining account. I ſhall never ſee a piece of whalebone, but I ſhall think of the labours and difficulties of the poor Greenland ſailors.

Charles. I admire the courage and ingenuity of thoſe who firſt attempted to catch whales.

Father. Probably accident diſcovered the uſe that might be made of them, and induced ſome needy bold adventurer to make the attempt; but many muſt have been the hazards and diſappointments, before the art was reduced to a ſyſtem, as it is now. Rude and imperfect is the beginning of all knowledge. Perſeverance and experience have contributed more than genius, to the diſcovery of things uſeful, to accommodate the life of man.

Mother. Much is due to the man who firſt ventured his life to procure ſo uſeful a commodity as train-oil, without which many muſt paſs a long dreary winter's night, without even the cheering rays of a lamp.

Henry. But, mamma, they can buy candles.

Mrs. Harcourtr Candles, indeed, are very uſeful, but oil is cheaper, and there would not be a ſufficient quantity of tallow to light our ſtreets of a night. All the cities in Europe are lightted with oil, which is a great accommodation to their reſpective inhabitants.

ANECDOTES.

A SCHOOLMASTER in a country village, who, formerly, acted as a barber to the village, being in diſpute with the *pariſh clerk*, on a point of grammar—"It is downright *barbarism*," ſaid the clerk; "*Barbarism?*" replied the pedagogue,—"Do you mean to inſult me? a *barber* ſpeaks as good Engliſh as a pariſh clerk any day."

Dr. JOHNSON.

WHO is ſaid to have had an uncommonly good memory, tells us, that when he was a boy, he uſed, after he had acquired any freſh knowledge from his books, to run and tell it to an *old woman*, of whom he was very fond. This exerciſe was ſo agreeable to him, that it imprinted what he read upon his memory.

FREEDOM.

Extracted from Cowper's Poems.

With an Elegant Engraving.

ASK not the boy, who when the breeze of morn
Firſt ſhakes the glittering drops from every thorn
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or buſh
Sits linking cherry ſtones, or platting ruſh,
How fair is freedom?—he was always free:
To carve his ruſtic name upon a tree,
To ſnare the mole, or with ill-faſhioned hook
To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleaſures in his ſimple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew—
She ſhines but little in his heedleſs eyes,
The good we never miſs we rarely prize;
But aſk the noble drudge in ſtate affairs,
Eſcap'd from office and its conſtant cares,
What charms he ſees in freedom's ſmile expreſs'd,
In freedom loſt ſo long, now repoſſeſs'd;

Etched by G. Fox. N.Y.

Stothard. del. Tanner. Sc.

Ask not the Boy ——
Sits linking cherrystones &c.

The tongue whoſe ſtrains were cogent as commands,
Rever'd at home, and felt in foreign lands,
Shall own itſelf a ſtamm'rer in that cauſe,
Or plead its ſilence as its beſt applauſe.
He knows indeed that, whether dreſs'd or rude,
Wild without art, or artfully ſubdu'd,
Nature in ev'ry form inſpires delight,
But never mark'd her with ſo juſt a ſight.
Her hedge-row ſhrubs, a variegated ſtore,
With woodbine and wild roſes mantled o'er,
Green banks and furrow'd lands, the ſtream that ſpreads
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,
Downs that almoſt eſcape th' inquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the diſtant ſky,
Beauties he lately ſlighted as he paſs'd,
Seem all created ſince he travelled laſt.

TO THE SWILCAR OAK.*

By Dr. Darwin.

GIGANTIC oak! whoſe wrinkled form
hath ſtood,
Age after age, the patriarch of the wood,

*In Needwood forest. This tall tree, which stands singly upon a beautiful lawn, measures thirteen yards round its base. It is believed to be six hundred years old.

Thou, who haſt ſeen a thouſand ſprings unfold
Their ravell'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold;
Ten thouſand times yon moon relight her horn,
And the bright ſtar of evening gild the morn!

Firſt when the Druid bards, with ſilver hair
Pour'd round thy trunk the melody of pray'r;
When chiefs and heroes join'd the kneeling throng,
And choral virgins trill'd the adoring ſong;
While harps reſponſive rung amid the glade,
And holy echoes thrill'd thy vaulted ſhade,
Say, did ſuch dulcet notes arreſt thy gales,
As MUNDY pours along the liſtening vales?

Gigantic oak! thy hoary head ſublime
Ere while muſt periſh in the wrecks of time;
Should round thy brow innoxious lightnings ſhoot,
And no fierce whirlwinds ſhake thy ſtedfaſt root;
Yet thou ſhalt fall! thy leafy treſſes fade,
And thoſe bare ſhatter'd antlers ſtrew the glade;
Arm after arm, ſhall leave the mouldering buſt!
And thy firm fibres crumble in the duſt.

But MUNDY'S verſe ſhall conſecrate thy name,
And riſing foreſts envy SWILCAR'S fame;
Green ſhall thy gems expand, thy branches play,
And bloom forever in the immortal lay.

OF WOMAN.

" IN ancient *Greece*, ſo much in hiſt'ry fam'd,
" A ruinous city ſtood, *Abdera* nam'd;
" Its people moſt degenerate and baſe,
" Were thought a ſcandal to the human race:"
No ſoft compaſſion warm'd their ſordid breaſts,
Their actions prov'd them kindred to the beaſts.

Great SOPHOCLES, ſkill'd in poetic art;
To raiſe the fancy, and refine the heart,
With magic ſoftneſs, touch'd the golden lyre,
Sweet was the ſound; all gaze and all admire.
He ſang of woman's charms—the pleaſing ſong,
In ſweet vibrations, ſooth'd the liſt'ning throng.
The poet ceas'd—how chang'd the city ſhone,
Murders and deeds of malice all were flown;

Soft, gentle ſighs were breath'd from hearts ſincere,
On every cheek was ſeen the tender tear,
To deeds malicious, not a heart could move,
For how could malice dwell with gentle love?
But, in reverſe to SOPHOCLES, of late,
A " brace" of ſnarling cynics ſhow their hate,
And jointly ſtrive, in rude ſatiric verſe,
To prove the virtuous fair—man's greateſt curſe.

What could, O ZOILUS, inſpire thy ſoul,
To ſcourge the tender ſex, condemn the whole,
And note it as a plain, unerring rule,
That "every woman ſtrives to be a fool?"
Say haſt thou read the fair PHILENIA's lays,
And ſtill canſt from her wreſt the well-earn'd bays?
"Go climb the rugged *Alps*, ambitious fool,
"To pleaſe the boys, and be their theme at ſchool.*

Thy heart, DIOGENES did furies ſteel
With iron rage, and teach thee not to feel,
That thou ſhould'ſt paint the ſex in blackeſt dies,
As fiends, which from Tartarean regions riſe?
Canſt thou, like MILTON, breathe a ſtrain divine?
Or is the godlike THOMSON's genius thine?
Yet theſe immortal bards could treat the fair,
As the juſt objects of their gen'rous care.†

**I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes.*
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

JUVENAL.

†*Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,*
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON.

†*To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,*
And sweeten all the toil of human life.

THOMSON.

Say, if the Power, who form'd the human mind,
A "negro wench" to ſcience has inclin'd,
Shall ſhe not write, and rival e'en thy ſtrain?
Tho' with a "Pudding Stick" in lieu of pen.

Could man but know, how oft the keeneſt ſmart,
Pervades the fair, the harmleſs virgin's heart,
When erſt ſhe meets the rough ſatiric page,
Where he has written with vindictive rage,
Sure the chill'd heart humanity might warm,
To quit the pen, nor the defenceleſs harm.
But ZOILUS, cruel as the ſavage brood,
Could paint the ſex in every form but good;
"Surly DIOGENES" reſumes the ſtrain,
And ſtrives to give the tender boſom pain.
The wolf, relentleſs ſavage of the wood,
Purſues the lamb and drinks her harmleſs blood:
The ravenous hawk, deſcending from above,
May truſs, in harpy claws, the trembling dove;
But chief when man, to whom a ſoul was given;
Who wears ſweet majeſty, and looks at Heaven,
In whoſe unpoliſh'd lays, replete with gall,
The vileſt Rhillippics on woman fall;
Let him not fear the gentle, injur'd maid,
"To curſe and kill is not a woman's trade."
May Heaven, in Mercy to his errors, blind,
Beſtow a juſter thought and ſofter mind.

TO A FRIEND,

Who asked how I felt, when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me.

Charles! my ſlow heart was only ſad, when firſt
I ſcann'd that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful ſpirit burſt
All I had been, and all my babe might be!
But when I ſaw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her boſom (ſhe the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful ſmile)
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and moſt warm
Impreſs'd a father's kiſs: and all beguil'd
Of dark remembrance, and preſageful fear
I ſeem'd to ſee an angel's form appear.—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the mother's ſake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

COLERIDGE.

THE KISS.

ONE kiſs, dear maid! I ſaid and ſigh'd—
Your ſcorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuſe the blameleſs bliſs?
Can danger lurk within a kiſs?
Yon viewleſs wand'rer of the vale,
The ſpirit of the weſtern gale,

At morning's break, at evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjur'd bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;
And he the glitter of the dew
Scatters on the rose's hue.
Bashful lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper red!
Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the op'ning rose:
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd "No!"
The whisper'd "No"——how little meant!
Sweet falsehood, that endears consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of joy.

COLERIDGE.

CONSUMPTION.

Consumption hence! approach not those I love,
For thou canst play upon the heart's best feelings
A sad variety of hopes and fears.

Thy flatt'ring hand paints the poor victim's cheek
With roſes, ſtol'n from health's moſt beauteous ſtores,
And gives ſuch luſtre to the *ſinking* eye,
As love and rapture's warm emotions yield:
Thou, while the victim bends beneath thy power,
With the fair promiſe of returning health
Veil'ſt the expecting grave from anxious love,
As the ſly angler hides the fatal hook
By glitt'ring baits from his unwary prey.
Thou bid'ſt the friend watch o'er thy varying hues,
As the poor ſchool boy, whoſe long-promis'd pleaſure
A threat'ning cloud ſeems ready to deſtroy,
Watches each little tranſient gleam of ſun-ſhine
And, in idea, ſees returning brightneſs
Beaming from *partial* into *general* ſplendour!
Thou rais'ſt up the ſoul of fond anxiety,
E'en to the higheſt pinnacle of hope,
To caſt it down to ſorrow's deepeſt cave.
Death, unexpected, ſteals upon ſecurity,
And on thy victim lays his iron hand,
Smiling amidſt the beauty thou haſt made.
Ye, who have watch'd beſide a fading friend,
Unconſcious that the bluſh, each feature boaſted, beauty;
Bloom'd like the *night-ſhade* with *unwholeſome*
Ye, who have wept, then ſmil'd amidſt your tears,
And chid fore-bodings which ill-founded ſeem'd;
Ye, that have felt all this, and *then* been call'd
To pay the *laſt ſad tribute of affection*,
Bear witneſs to the juſtice of the picture!

AN EPITOME OF GEOGRAPHY.

LATELY DRAWN UP FOR A SEMINARY OF EDUCATION IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON.

GEOGRAPHY is a ſcience which explains the properties of the earth, both in reſpect to land and water; for of thoſe two parts the terraqueous globe is compoſed.

The roundneſs of the earth may be proved by a variety of arguments. 1. When we are on board a ſhip at ſea, we may be out of ſight of land when the land is near enough to be viſible, if it were not hid from our eye by the convexity of the water. In this caſe the tops of hills or cliffs, ſteeples, towers, &c. &c. firſt appear to our view, next, the building, and, at laſt of all, the ſhore, which can proceed from nothing elſe but the roundneſs of the earth, whereby the lower objects are longer hid from the ſight than thoſe which are

higher. 2. The higher the eye is, the farther the view will be extended: it is very common for ſeamen on the top of the maſt to diſcover land or ſhips at a greater diſtance than thoſe can do who ſtand upon the deck; the object being hid from the latter by the convexity of the water. 3. When we ſtand upon the ſhore, the higheſt part of a ſhip is viſible at the greateſt diſtance; if the ſhip is going from us out to ſea, we ſhall continue to ſee the maſt after the hull or body of the ſhip diſappears, and the top of the maſt will be ſeen the longeſt; but if the ſurface of the ſea were flat, every part of an object would be equally viſible; and not the higheſt, but the largeſt part of an object would be viſible at the greateſt diſtance, ſo that we ſhould be able to ſee the hull of a ſhip farther off than the maſt: but this is contrary to experience; conſequently the earth is round. 4. The convexity of the water may be ſeen in calm weather, and where the fluid is unruffled by the agitation of the ſtream, provided it be a mile or two in a ſtraight line, for a little boat upon the water may be ſeen by a perſon whoſe eye is a ſmall height above the

water; but if he ſtoops down and lays his eye near the ſurface, he will find that the boat is covered by the convexity of the water. 5. Several navigators have ſailed round the earth; not in an exact circle, the winding of the ſhores preventing them from ſailing on in a direct courſe; but by ſailing continually to the weſtward, they have reached the place from whence they at firſt departed. This was performed by Magellan, Cavendiſh, Sir Francis Drake, Lord Anſon, Bougainville, Commodore Byron, the captains Carteret, Wallis, Cook, and others. All the appearances of the heavens, both at land and ſea, are the ſame as they would be were the earth a globe, which proves that it really is ſuch, and, laſtly, eclipſes of the moon, which are cauſed by the ſhadow of the earth falling on that planet, demonſtrate that the earth is of a globular figure; for this ſhadow is always globular, whatever ſituation the earth may be in at that time: now a body muſt be globular which always caſts a circular ſhadow. Nor are the little unevenneſſes on the earth's ſurface,

ariſing from hills and valleys, any material objection to its being conſidered as a round body; becauſe the higheſt mountains bear a leſs proportion to the bulk of the earth, than the little riſings on the coat of an orange bear to that fruit; or a grain of ſand to an artificial globe of nine inches diameter: and accordingly, we find that the mountains and vallies on the ſurface of the earth, cauſe no irregularities in the ſhadow during a lunar eclipſe; the circumference thereof being even and regular, and appearing as if caſt by a body truly regular.

The methods made uſe of to meaſure the earth are very plain and eaſy to be underſtood. But it will be neceſſary to obſerve that every great circle, and conſequently the circumference of the earth, is divided into 360 equal parts, called degrees, and every degree into 60 equal parts, called minutes, &c. It was neceſſary to give the preference to ſome number, and, probably, that of 360 was fixed upon for this reaſon, that it admits of ſeveral convenient diviſions, as well by the figure 2 as 3. Thus the half is 180, the quarter 90,

and the half quarter 45. Alſo the third of 360 is 120, the third of which again is 40. Few other numbers can boaſt of this advantage, eſpecially as every number in both the above diviſions is alſo further diviſible by five.

As every circle is divided into 360 degrees, if at two places, ſituated north and ſouth of each other, the altitude of the ſun be taken on the ſame day at noon, and the ſun be found to be one degree nearer to the zenith at one place than the other, thoſe two places are one degree aſunder. Now if the diſtance between theſe two places be meaſured by a chain, or otherwiſe, we ſhall know the length of a degree and conſequently of any part of a degree, in Engliſh meaſure. This has been done by ſeveral geographers, particularly by Richard Norwood, who, in the year 1635, obſerved the difference of latitude, and meaſured the diſtance between London and York, by which it appeared, that 367,200 Engliſh feet, or 69 miles and a half, and 14 poles, make a degree. Hence the whole circumference of the globe will be 25,020, and its diameter 7,970 Engliſh miles, reckoning 69 and a half

to a degree. If the odd poles be taken into the account, the circumference will then be 25,035 miles, and 240 poles.

The map of the world will give you a much better idea of the world itself, than the best verbal description. It represents the artificial globe taken out of its horizon, squeezed flat, cut through, and the two hemispheres placed close to each other.

Into how many parts is the earth divided?

Into four parts or quarters; viz. 1. Europe; 2. Asia; 3. Africa, aud 4. America.

What are the other nominal parts of the earth; or how is it yet further divided, in relation to land and water?

It is divided into ten different parts; five belonging to land; viz. 1. Continent; 2. An island; 3. A promontory or cape; 4. A peninsula. 5. An isthmus. The other five belonging to water; viz. 1. An ocean; 2. A lake; 3. A bay; 4. A gulf; and 5. A strait. These answer to each other, as more plainly appears by the following description:

LAND.

1. A continent is a large tract or vast ex-

tent of main land, not ſeparated by any ocean. Thus Europe, Aſia, Africa, &c. are continents.

2. An iſland is a tract of land ſurrounded with water; as Great Britain, Ireland, Jamaica, Madagaſcar, &c. &c.

3. A promontory or cape, is a portion of land running far into the ſea; as Cape Verde, Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c.

4. A peninſula is a part or portion of the earth almoſt ſurrounded with water, ſave only a part or narrow neck of land, which joins or unites it to a continent; as Jutland, the Morea, the Grim Tartary, &c.

5. An iſtmus is a narrow part of land, by which a peninſula is joined to a continent or main land, as the iſtmus of Panama, which joins North and South America together; the iſtmus of Corinth, &c. &c.

WATER.

1. An ocean, or ſea, is a large extent or collection of waters not divided by land; ſuch as the Atlantic or Weſtern Ocean, the Indian Ocean, &c.

2. A lake is a tract of water ſurrounded by land; as the Lake of Geneva, the Dead Sea, the Caſpian Sea, &c.

3. A bay is a portion or part of the ſea, running far up the main land; as the Bay of Biſcay, Bay of Bengal, &c.

4. A gulf is a part of the ocean, almoſt ſurrounded with land, ſave ſome ſtrait or narrow gut of water, by which it has a communication with the ocean; as the Gulf of Perſia, &c.

5. A ſtrait is a narrow paſſage or part of the ſea, which joins one ſea to another, as the Straits of Gibralter, which join the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic Ocean; the Straits of Babelmandel, &c. &c.

Two advantages attend the following diſtribution of the four quarters of the world. 1ſt. By aſcertaining the diviſion *North*, *South*, or *Middle*, in which the kingdom ſtands, we inſtantly aſcertain its ſituation between the equator and the poles, upon which many important circumſtances depend, climates, ſeaſons, &c. 2dly. By aſcertaining in *what part* of theſe ſaid diviſions the kingdom is ſituated, we can tell, (for we proceed uniformly from *weſt* to

east) its weſtern or eaſtern poſition, upon which alſo depend many important circumſtances, time of day, &c. By theſe two ſimple arrangements, we can likewiſe, with eaſe, form an idea of the relative ſituation of the nations of the earth to each other. Of the utility of this new mode of diſtribution, the author ſpeaks with the greater confidence, becauſe he has adopted it with ſucceſs in his own ſeminary.

EUROPE is bounded on the north by the Frozen Sea, on the ſouth by the Mediterranean Sea, which divides it from Africa; on the eaſt by Ruſſia in Aſia, the river Don, or Tanais, and the Black Sea; on the weſt by the Atlantic Ocean, which ſeparates it from America. It is 3000 miles in length, from Cape St. Vincent to the River Oby. In breadth 2500, from the North Cape in Norway, to the Morea in Greece.

The chief countries of Europe, in the North, are,

Norway, CAPITAL, Bergen.
Sweden —— Stockholm,
Denmark —— Copenhagen.
Russia —— Peterſburgh, or anciently, Moſcow.

IN THE MIDDLE.

1*st. Row.*

Netherlands, CAPITAL, Amſterdam.
Germany —— Vienna.
Prussia —— Berlin.
Poland —— Warſaw, or Cracow.

2*d. Row.*

France, CAPITAL, Paris.
Switzerland —— Geneva.
Hungary —— Buda.
Little Tartary —— Oczakow.

IN THE SOUTH.

Portugal, CAPITAL, Liſbon.
Spain —— Madrid.
Italy —— Rome.
Turkey, in Europe — Conſtantinople.

ASIA is bounded on the North by the Icy Sea; on the ſouth by the Indian Sea; on the weſt by the Red Sea; Mediterranean Sea, Europe, and part of Africa, and by the Northern Pacific Ocean on the eaſt. It is in length 4740 miles, from the Dardanelles to the eaſtern ſhores of Tartary. In breadth 4380 miles, from Malacca to Nova Zembla.

The chief Countries of Aſia are,

NORTH.

Georgia,	CAPITAL,	Teflis.
Great Tartary	——	Tobolſki.

MIDDLE.

Holy Land,	CAPITAL.	Jeruſalem.
Perſia	——	Iſpahan.
Mogul Empire	——	Delhi.
China	——	Pekin.

SOUTH.

Arabia,	CAPITAL,	Mecca.
East Indies	——	Calcutta.

AFRICA is bounded on all ſides by ſeas, except the Iſthmus of Suez, by which it is joined to Aſia; the Mediterranean being on the

north; the Atlantic Ocean on the weſt and ſouth; and the Indian Ocean and Red Sea on the eaſt. It is in length 4300 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, in the ſouth, to Cape Bona in the North. The breadth is 3500 miles, from Cape Verde, in the weſt, to Cape Guardefui in the eaſt.

The chief Countries of Africa, are,

NORTH.

Morocco,	CAPITAL,	Morocco.
States of Barbary	——	Algiers.
Biledulgerid	——	Duro.
Egypt	——	Grand Cairo.

MIDDLE.

Zaara, or the *Desert*. *Negroland*. *Guinea*. *Nubia*, or *Abyssinia*.

SOUTH.

Ethiopia. *Congo*. *Zanguebar*. *Caffraria*. In this laſt diſtrict is the *Cape of Good Hope*, a Settlement now in the poſſeſſion of Great Britain.

The continent of AMERICA is divided by the Iſthmus of Darien, into north and ſouth.

It is in length 10,000 miles. Its average breadth is 2000. North America is bounded on the north by unknown parts; on the south by South America; on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

The North part of NORTH AMERICA contains three Countries:

New Wales. New Britain, or *Esquimaux. Canada*, or *New France*, capital *Quebec*, near which also is *Montreal.*

The Middle Four:

New Albion. Granada. Louisiana; and the *United States*; which include these *Sixteen States.* New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tenessee. Ohio is about to be added.

The South contains Three Countries:

California. Mexico, or *New Spain*, and *Florida.*

SOUTH AMERICA is bounded on the north

by North America; on the South by the South Sea; on the eaſt by the Atlantic Ocean; on the weſt by the Pacific Ocean.

The North part contains Two Countries:

Terra Firma and *Guiana.*

The Middle Four:

Peru. Amazonia. Paraguay, and *Brazil.*

The South Two:

Chili and *Patagonia.*

The principal Oceans are; 1. Arctic. 2. Antarctic. 3. Atlantic, North and South. 4. Pacific, North and South. 5. Indian Ocean. 6. German Ocean.

The principal Seas are; the Mediterranean, Baltic, North Sea, Iriſh Sea, Red Sea, Black Sea, Chineſe Sea.

Principal Bays are; Biſcay, Bengal, Hudſon's, Baffin's.

Principal Straits. Gibralter, Dover, Babelmandel, Magellan, Davies's, Bherring's, Hudſon's.

Principal Gulphs. Mexico, in which lie the Weſt Indies; Perſian, Bothnia, Oby and St. Lawrence, Venice.

Principal Lakes are in *North America*, excepting the Caſpian Sea, which is a lake in *Aſia*. Leſſer lakes are to be found in *Switzerland*, *Scotland*, and other countries of Europe, where mountains abound. The *American* lakes are; Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. In the map they are eaſily diſtinguiſhed.

Iſlands belonging to Europe.

1. *Great Britain*, which includes England, Scotland, and Wales. 2. *Ireland*.

The leſſer iſles; and firſt of ſuch as lie near *Great Britain*.

Thoſe on the North are; 1. The Orkneys, or Arcades. 2. The Shetland Iſles.

Thoſe on the South are; 1. The Portland Iſle. 2. The Iſle of Wight. Alſo Jerſey and Guernſey near France.

Thoſe on the eaſt are; 1. Holy Iſland. 2. Fern Iſland. 3. Cocket Iſland. 4. Shepey Iſland. 5. The Iſle of Thanet.

Thoſe on the Weſt are; 1. Lewis Iſland. 2. Skye. 3. Mull. 4. Jura. 5. Illa. 6. Bute and Arran; all theſe are called the *He-*

brides, or weſtern Iſles on the coaſt of *Scotland*. 7. Man. 8. Angleſey. 9. Lundy; and 10. Scilly Iſles.

Of other iſlands in Europe, more diſtant from *Great Britain*.

Thoſe of *Sweden* are ſeven in number. 1. Rugen. 2. Oeland. 3. Gothland. 4. Oſel. 5. Dago. 6. Aland. 7. Ween.

Thoſe of *Denmark* are ten. Zealand, Fumen, Langland, Laland, Falſter, Mona, Femeren, Alſan, Iceland, Bornholm.

The *Azores* lie weſt of Europe, and are ſubject to the King of Portugal.

Mediterranean iſlands are ten. Yvica, Minorca, Majorca, Corſica, Sardinia, Malta, Sicily, Candia, Rhodes, and Cyprus.

Of the Iſlands of Aſia.

There are a great number, but they are chiefly reduced to theſe ſix, whoſe ſituations are as follows; 1. Japan Iſlands, E. of *China*. 2. The Phillippine Iſlands, S. W. of Japan. 3. The Moluccas, S. of the Phillippine. 4. The Sunda, W. of the Moluccas. 5. The Banda, or Nutmeg Iſlands; and, 6. Ceylon,

W. of the Sunda, whoſe capital is Candia or Candy.

Of African Iſlands.

There are many ſmall iſlands, but the moſt noted are the following; viz. the Iſland of Madagaſcar, the Cape Verde, the Canary, and the Madeira Iſlands.

There are ſome of leſs note; viz. Zocotara, ſubject to the Arabians; Comora, N. W. of Madagaſcar; St. Thomas, Anabona, ſubject to the Portugueſe, lying weſt of Ethiopia; St. Helena, ſubject to the Engliſh, lying S. W. of St. Thomas's, and the Iſle of Aſcenſion, N. W. of St. Helena. St. Helena is a place of refreſhment for the Engliſh Eaſt India ſhips, being about half way between them and that diſtant country.

American Iſlands.

The principal iſlands of *America* are ten, which are thus divided; 1. Newfoundland, famous for cod. 2. Cuba. 3. Jamaica. 4. Hiſpaniola. 5. Porto Rico. 6. Bermudas. 7. Lucayes, or Bahamas. 8. Carribbees. 9. Sotorento, called the little Antilles. Theſe,

excepting Newfoundland, are the *West Indies*, in the entrance to the vaſt bay of Mexsco. In the ſouth is, 10. Terra del Fuego, ſeparated from the continent by the Straits of Magellan.

New Diſcoveries.

The principal of thoſe newly diſcovered, are; Otaheite, the Society Iſlands, The Friendly Iſlands. The New Hebrides, New Caledonia, The Marqueſas, The Pelew Iſlands, and the Sandwich Iſlands, all in the Pacific Ocean. At one end of the latter, called *Owyhee*, Captain Cook was unfortunately killed, February 14, 1779.

Thoſe iſlands more perfectly explored, are; New Guinea, New Zealand, and New Holland, lying between the Indian and Pacific Ocean; the latter is by much the largeſt in the whole world; on the eaſt ſide of which, called *New South Wales*, is Botany Bay, the place to which the convicts are now tranſported; diſtant from London 10,050 miles S. E.

The firſt convicts deſtined for Botany Bay (being 750 in number) ſailed from Portſmouth on Sunday the 13th of May, 1787, and arrived at Botany Bay in January 1788. *Collins*

has lately publiſhed a copious account of this ſettlement.

The principal Rivers in Europe, with the chief towns or cities on their banks.

Elbe	—*Hamburg*	—Germany.
Danube	—*Vienna*	—Germany.
Rhine	—*Franckfort*	—Germany.
Seine	—*Paris*	—France.
Loire	—*Nantz*	—France.
Garonne	—*Bourdeaux*	—France.
Rhone	—*Lyons*	—France.
Tagus	—*Lisbon*	—Portugal.
Ebro	—*Saragosa*	—Spain.
Douro	—*Oporto*	—Spain.
Tiber	—*Rome*	—Italy.
Nieper	—*Oczakow*	—Little Tartary.
Viſtula	—*Warsaw*	—Poland.
Don & Wolga		—Ruſſia.

In England.

Thames	—	*London.*
Severn	—	*Briſtol.*
Humber	—	*Hull.*
Merſey	—	*Liverpool.*
Dee	—	*Cheſter.*

Tweed —— *Berwick.*
Medway —— *Rochester, Chatham,* and *Sheerness.*

In Scotland.

Frith of Forth —— *Edinburgh.*
Clyde —— *Glascow.*
Frith of Tay —— *Perth.*
Dee —— *Aberdeen.*
Frith of Murray —— *Inverness.*
Spey —— *Focabers.*

In Ireland.

Liffey —— *Dublin.*
Shannon —— *Limerick.*
Boyne —— *Drogheda.*

In Asia.

Euphrates in Persia, between which and the Tigris lay *Paradise.*

Tigris ——*Bagdad* ——Persia.
Indus ——*Tatta* ——Mogul Empire.
Ganges ——*Calcutta* ——East Indies.

In Africa.

Nile ——*Grand Cairo* ——Egypt.
Senegal ——*Port Senegal* ——Negroland.

In North America.

St. Lawrence, *Quebec & Montreal*, Canada.
Delaware —*Philadelphia* —Pennſylvania.
Miſſiſſipi —*New Orleans* —Weſt Florida.
Potomack —*Waſhington* —Columbia.

In South America.

Oronoko —*St. Thomas* —Terra Firma.
Amazons —*Macayo* —Amazonia.
Para —*Para* —Amazonia.
La Plata —*Buenos Ayres* —Paraguay.

Moſt of theſe rivers in America are ſo large, that the European rivers have been pronounced mere rivulets in compariſon with them.

Mountains of Europe.

Pyrenees, dividing France from Spain.

Alps, dividing Italy from France and Germany.

Appennines, running through Italy.

Tyrol, in Germany, near which have been fought ſeveral of the battles in the laſt campaign.

Carpathian, dividing Hungary from Poland and Tranſylvania.

Veſuvius, in Naples
Etna, in Sicily
Hecla, in Iceland
} Burning Mountains.

Of Aſia.

Ripbean, in Aſiatic Ruſſia.

Caucasus, between the Black and Caſpian Sea.

Taurus, runs from little Carimania to the Eaſt Indies.

Libanus, between Syria and Paleſtine.

Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, whence Moſes delivered the law to the Iſraelites.

Of Africa.

Mountains of the Moon, Ethiopia.

Peak of Teneriffe, Iſland of Teneriffe.

Of North America.

Apalachian, or *Alligany Mountains*, which have been deſcriptively called the *Back-bone* of the United States.

Of South America.

The Andes or *Cordilleras*, ruuning through it from north to ſouth, for a conſiderable extent.

A CONVERSATION
ON THE SUBJECT OF BEES.

Cecilia. AS I was paying my daily visit to my bees this morning, and watching their motions, I thought that entertainment might be derived from some particulars relative to the order and discipline by which they are regulated.

Governor. Could we pursue the peculiarities of instinct, through all its variations, in the different orders of animals, it would supply us with an inexhaustible source of admiration and instruction; but as many of them are placed beyond the reach of our observation, we must content ourselves with the investigation of those that are obvious to our notice, among which the bee has ever been distinguished.

Governess. The history of the bee deserves our attention; for, although almost every

country houſewife furniſhes her cottage garden with hives, yet the wonderful inſtincts that guide this ſmall inſect, are known only to the obſervers of nature. Cecilia has ſpent much of her leiſure in obſerving the economy of thoſe that I have put under her management, and is qualified, by experience, as well as reading, to give us information upon the ſubject. We have examined together the ſtructure of the parts of the bee in the microſcope. An exact deſcription of them will ſhew their conformity with the purpoſes for which they are deſigned; therefore, my dear, begin your account of them.

Cecilia. The honey bee, for there are many kinds, is divided into three parts, conſiſting of the head, the breaſt, and the belly, which are united by two ligaments. The eyes are black, and of an oblong form, guarded by a horny tunicle or covering. The horns, moſtly called antennæ, are placed between the eyes, near the middle of the head, and aſſiſt the inſect in feeling his way, where the eyes are uſeleſs for want of light. The jaws open ſideways, and, being armed with teeth, ſerve

to remove every thing offenſive or inconvenient that is found in the hive: In their wars with each other, they uſe their teeth, and the wounds they inflict with them are ſuppoſed to be fatal. Their long trunk, or proboſcis, is of very curious conſtruction; it enables them to penetrate the inſide of flowers, and extract their delicious juice; it is long and taper, and ſo pliant and flexible, that it can be contracted and folded up at pleaſure. Four ſtrong ſcales are contrived to preſerve this valuable member from injury, two of which form a ſheath to it, whilſt the whole is incloſed in the larger pair. From the breaſt, which is of a duſky colour and oblong form, proceed two wings, and three legs on each ſide. The belly is divided into ſix rings, or folds, which by ſliding over one another, ſerve to ſhorten or lengthen the body. Beſides the inteſtines, it contains a bag, which is uſed as a receptacle for the honey they collect. The juices of flowers are conveyed into this bag from the proboſcis, through a narrow pipe, which paſſes the head and breaſt. The legs are finiſhed, in

every part, with the greateſt nicety; the hindermoſt ones are hairy, and ſtreaked croſſwiſe on the inſide. Within the thigh of the working bee is a hollow place, edged with hair, where the bee loads the materials for wax in little pellets, as large as a pepper-corn. Each foot terminates in two hooks, with the points oppoſite to each other; between theſe claws is a little thin ſubſtance, which, when unfolded, enables the inſect to faſten to glaſs, or any other highly-poliſhed body. The ſting is ſituated at the extremity of the belly, and is compoſed of two bearded darts, incloſed in a horny ſheath, which has an opening near the end, for the paſſage of the darts; at the root of the ſting is placed a ſmall bag, filled with a venomous liquor, which is emitted through the ſheath into the wound made previouſly by the darts. Mr. Derham, who is celebrated for curious microſcopical obſervations, relates, that he counted eight beards, like thoſe of fiſh-hooks, upon each dart in the ſting of a waſp; and the ſame number may be ſeen, with good glaſſes in that of a bee. One of theſe darts is rather longer than the other, and pierces the

fleſh firſt; the other follows inſtantly. They penetrate deeper and deeper, alternately, with their beards or hooks, till the whole ſting is buried in the fleſh, and then the inſertion of the poiſonous juice finiſhes the proceſs. If the perſon, who is ſtung, has preſence of mind to remain ſtill, the bee inſtinctively draws the beards cloſe to the ſides of the darts, and the ſting comes out whole; but if the inſect is diſturbed, and attempts to withdraw the ſting haſtily, the beards prevent its return, and it is generally left in the wound, which increaſes the pain, and retards the cure.

Henry. I was ſtung ſeverely laſt ſummer, which makes me run away whenever I hear a bee or a waſp buzz near me.

Governess. It would be wiſer to remain quietly without changing your poſture. There is ſcarcely any danger to be apprehended from them, even were you ſurrounded by a whole ſwarm, unleſs you excite their reſentment, by moving or buffeting them.

Augusta. Why do you particularize the working bees; are there more kinds than one in the ſame hive?

Cecilia. The working bees form the great body of the hive, which is always governed by a ſovereign queen, of whom I ſhall give you a particular deſcription preſently. She has alſo another kind of ſubjects, called drones, which differ conſiderably from the labourers.

Auguſta. I have frequently amuſed myſelf with looking at bees, as they were flying from one flower to another, but I never obſerved any diſtinction between them.

Governeſs. The want of accurate obſervation is the general ſource of ignorance. Exert all your diligence, children, to acquire the habit of ſeeing every thing with an attentive eye. Common objects are moſtly regarded with indifference by the thoughtleſs and ill-educated; and had not philoſophers beſtowed a patient inveſtigation upon many things eſteemed trivial and inſignificant, ſome of the moſt uſeful and curious diſcoveries in natural hiſtory muſt have remained unknown. Now, Cecilia, to ſatisfy our impatience, acquaint us with the offices and dignity of her humming majeſty.

Cecilia. The body of the queen bee is lon-

ger and larger than that of the reſt of the ſwarm. As ſhe ſeldom leaves the hive, except for the purpoſe of ſettling a new colony, ſhe has but little occaſion for dexterity in flying; her wings are indeed but ill adapted to that exerciſe, being ſhort, and ſcarcely reaching beyond the middle of her body, the hinder part of which is more taper, and terminates ſharper than the bodies of the other bees. The under part of her belly and legs are of a brilliant gold colour. She is the mother of the hive, as well as its ſovereign, and is followed, wherever ſhe goes, with the moſt dutiful obedience, by her children and ſubjects. A hive cannot ſubſiſt without a queen, as ſhe is the only female which produces eggs; nor do they ever permit more than one of them to remain alive in the ſame hive. If ſhe happens to find a rival, they fight till one is killed, being armed with a powerful ſting, which ſhe ſeldom uſes, except in conteſts for empire, or when unuſually provoked. The queen bee is very prolific, laying ſeveral thouſand eggs every ſeaſon: ſhe generally lies concealed in the moſt ſecret part of the hive, and is never viſi-

ble, but when ſhe depoſits her eggs in thoſe combs which are expoſed to view. She is always attended by ten or a dozen of the common bees, which form a kind of retinue, theſe courtiers follow their miſtreſs with a ſolemn pace, in her progreſs from one cell to another. She examines, with care, the cell where ſhe intends to leave an egg, leſt there ſhould be honey, wax, or any embryo in it. If ſhe find it empty, ſhe fixes a ſmall white egg to the bottom of it, which is compoſed of a thin membrane, or ſkin, filled with a whitiſh liquor. Should the queen inadvertantly lay more than one egg in the ſame cell, her attendants, the working bees, remove the ſupernumerary one. When a queen dies accidentally, the whole community deſiſts from its accuſtomed labour, conſumes the ſtore of honey, and its members fly about their own hive, and others that are near them, at thoſe hours when they ſhould be at reſt; they pine away with grief, and mourn her loſs by a clear and uninterrupted humming, which ſhould be a token to their owner, either to take the remainder of the honey, or to find them a new ſovereign; at

the ſight of whom joy returns, and her preſence animates the whole hive to freſh exertions of induſtry and activity.

Governor. Charles, I think you are acquainted with the ſecret which enabled Mr. Wildman to aſtoniſh every body, by the extraordinary feats he performed with bees.

Charles. The facility with which he managed them appeared like magic. He found the means of making a ſwarm alight, juſt where he pleaſed, in a few moments. Sometimes he commanded them to ſettle upon his head, or to form a beard upon his chin, hanging one by another: then he would order them to remove to his hand, or any other part of his body; or, if more agreeable to the company, he would place them upon the window, table, &c. They ſeemed to be completely under his control.

Henry. How was that poſſible? Bees cannot underſtand our language.

Charles. He made uſe of words only to deceive the ſpectators; the magical wand which he uſed, to tranſfer them from place to place, was the queen bee. He placed all his

dependence upon their fidelity and attachment to her; for he knew, that whereever ſhe was carried, the ſwarm would certainly follow. Repeated experiments taught him, that after turning up a hive, and tapping it upon the ſides and the bottom, the queen immediately appeared, to know the cauſe of the alarm, but ſoon retired again among her people. By ſeeing her frequently, he learned to diſtinguiſh her at the firſt glance, and practice enabled him to lay hold of her ſo tenderly as not to endanger her perſon: having thus ſecured the queen, he ſlipped her gently into his left hand, without injuring her, or enraging her to ſting him. Then he replaced the hive, and retained her as his priſoner, till ſhe was miſſed by the bees, who, as ſoon as they perceived their loſs, took wing with the greateſt confuſion; whilſt they were ſeeking their beloved ſovereign, he placed her upon the ſpot he wiſhed them to ſettle. The moment ſhe was diſcovered by a few, they gave notice to the reſt, till the joyful news was communicated to the whole tribe, upon which they all aſſembled round her, and remained a long while in that ſitua-

tion, as if afraid of being deprived of her again.

Sophia. This aſcendancy over them muſt have appeared unaccountable, before the principle was known by which it was obtained; but Mr. White, in his Hiſtory of Selborne, mentions an idiot boy, that lived in that village, who acquired an equal command over them, without any knowledge to guide him in his purſuit. He ſhewed no underſtanding upon other ſubjects, and during the winter ſeaſon he would doze away the chief part of his time in the chimney corner; but as ſoon as warm weather returned, he reſumed his only diverſion, which was ſearching for bees in the fields, or upon ſunny banks. He would catch them with his bare hands, without fear of their ſtings; then he would diſarm them of their weapons, and ſuck their bodies for the ſake of their honey-bags; nay, ſo far would he carry his temerity, that he would ſometimes fill his boſom, between his ſhirt and his ſkin, with a number of them. He would ſlide into gardens where bees were kept, and, ſitting down before the ſtools, would rap with

his fingers upon the hives, and ſo take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the ſake of the honey, of which he was immoderately fond; and, as if his imagination was impreſſed by this one object, he had a habit of imitating the buzzing of bees with his lips, as he ran about the fields and gardens.

Governor. This account is very extraordinary, the circumſtance ſeems to have ariſen from one of thoſe natural propenſities, which we are unable to explain.

Augusta. My curioſity relative to the queen is pretty well ſatisfied; I long to know, now, what offices are aſſigned to the drones.

Cecilia. The common drones, though ſmaller than the queen, are larger than the working bees; and in flying make a greater noiſe; they have no ſting, neither are their proboſcis or feet adapted for collecting wax and honey. They are the males, and are found in the hives only at certain periods of the year. Economy impels the working bees to deſtroy the drones at the approach of winter; they do not even ſuffer an egg or a maggot of that

kind to eſcape, but exterminate the whole race, as uſeleſs, after the ſeaſon for increaſing the young ſtock is paſt, and they begin to provide a magazine, to ſupply the ſwarm with food during the cold weather, when no freſh honey can be procured. The working bees are the moſt numerous part of the ſtate; they have the care of the hive, collect the honey and wax, make and work up the wax, build the cells, feed the young, keep the hive clean, defend it from intruders, and perform every thing neceſſary to be done for the benefit of the commonwealth. As the labourers are the guardians of the hive, the ſting is a requiſite weapon for them to reſiſt the attacks of their enemies; for there are many lazy, greedy inſects, which will attempt to devour them, as well as their honey.

Henry. You ſaid, that the working bees deſtroyed the maggots of the drones; do bees undergo the ſame changes as ſilk-worms?

Cecilia. On the third or fourth day after the egg is laid, a worm or maggot is produced, which, when it is grown ſo large as to touch the oppoſite corner of the cell, coils itſelf up

into the ſhape of a ſemi-circle, and floats in a liquid, which ſuſtains it, and promotes its growth. The working bees are very attentive in ſupplying the worms with a ſufficient quantity of this liquor, which is conjectured, by ſome naturaliſts, to be a mixture of water with the juices of plants and flowers, collected purpoſely for the nouriſhment of the young, whilſt in that helpleſs, tender ſtate. The working bees continue to feed the worm for about eight days, till one end touches the other in the form of a ring; when it begins to feel the firſt poſture uneaſy, it ceaſes to eat, and unrolls itſelf by degrees, thruſting that end forward towards the mouth of the cell, which is to be the head. The taſk of the attendant bees is now changed from that of feeding the worm, to faſtening up the top of the cell with a lid of wax; and cheriſhing the brood, and advancing the approaching transformation by their natural heat. In this concealment, the worm prepares a web of ſilk in the manner of the ſilk-worm. This web forms a lining to the cell, and affords a convenient covering for the change of the worm into a nymph or chry-

ſalis. In the ſpace of eighteen or twenty days, the change is effected, and the bee endeavours to extricate itſelf from its dark and narrow priſon, by forcing its way with its teeth through the lid of the cell. One horn appears firſt, then the head, and, at laſt, the whole body. This expanſion to life and liberty is ſometimes the work of half a day. The bee, when releaſed from its fetters, ſtands upon the ſurface of the comb, till it has acquired its natural complexion, and a degree of vigour and maturity to enable it to labour. The reſt of the bees gather round it in this ſtate, celebrate its birth, and feed it with honey out of their own mouths. The ſhell of the chryſalis, and the ſcattered pieces of wax, which are left in the cell, are removed by the working bees; and the receptacle is no ſooner cleared from the relics of its former inhabitant, and ready to receive another, but the queen again depoſits an egg in it. The hair, which covers the bodies of the young bees, being whitiſh, cauſes them to have the appearance of a grey colour; but they gradually loſe that hue, and become brown.

Governess. As the eggs, which are deſtined to become drones, are to produce larger inſects than thoſe of the common bees, ſo they are laid in cells of more extenſive dimenſions, and their coverings are raiſed convex, like a ſmall dome, whilſt the others are flat roofed. Thoſe cells, which are intended for the reception of the royal maggots, are built upon a very different model to any of the reſt; they are of a longiſh oblong form, having one end bigger than the other, with their outward ſurface full of little cavities. They are ſometimes fixed in the middle, and at other times in the ſide of a comb. Several common cells are ſacrificed to form a foundation and ſupport to it. As ſoon as the young queen comes out of her cell, it is deſtroyed, and the vacancy filled up with common cells; but, as the baſe remains, the comb is found thicker in that part than in any other. There are apartments prepared in every hive for the rearing of ſeveral queens, leſt by any accident, they ſhould be deprived of their ſovereign miſtreſs, and have none to replace her. When the members of the commonwealth are become too nume-

rous for the extent of their city, by the addition of the young brood, a part of them, conducted by one of the young queens, leaves the parent ſtate, and ſeeks a more convenient ſituation elſewhere. A new ſwarm is always compoſed of a queen, ſeveral thouſand working bees, among which there is a mixture of old and young, and ſome hundreds of drones. The moment the colony has choſen a new reſidence, the labourers begin to work with the utmoſt diligence, to procure materials for food and building. Apparently conſcious that their queen is ready to lay her eggs, they are more anxious to provide cells for her progeny, than for ſtoring of honey. Such is their induſtry, that they will form combs twenty inches in length, and proportionably wide, in the ſpace of a night and a day. If the weather is favourable, they make more wax during the firſt fortnight, than in all the reſt of the ſeaſon.

Charles. The community of bees does not excel in the arts of peace only, it is ſkilled in the deſtructive ſcience of war. I have ſeen whole hives engaged in a pitched battle, when one ſtate has been, by ſome circumſtance, plun-

dered of its honied ſtore, hunger and neceſſity have compelled its members to ſeek a freſh ſupply in a neighbouring hive, from which they have been vigorouſly driven away by its owners. Great ſkill is obſervable in theſe conteſts, in the manner of pointing the ſting between the ſcaly rings of their adverſaries bodies; but it often happens that the conqueror gains the victory at the price of his life, for if he leave the ſting in the wound, part of his bowels follows it, and certain death is the conſequence.

HONESTY AND GENEROSITY.

A POOR man, who was door-keeper to a houſe in Milan, found a purſe which contained two hundred crowns. The man who had loſt it, informed by a public advertiſement, came to the houſe, and giving ſufficient proof that the purſe belonged to him, the door-keeper reſtored it. Full of joy and gratitude, the owner offered his benefactor twenty crowns,

which he abſolutely refuſed. Ten were then propoſed, and afterwards five; but the door-keeper ſtill continuing inexorable, the man threw his purſe upon the ground, and in angry tone, cried, "I have loſt nothing, nothing at all, if you thus refuſe to accept of a gratuity." The door-keeper then conſented to receive five crowns, which he immediately diſtributed amongſt the poor.

PASSION.

TWO Gentleman were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horſe. The horſe grew a little troubleſome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and ſpurred him with great fury. The horſe, almoſt as wrong headed as his maſter, returned his treatment by kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and aſhamed of the folly of his friend, ſaid to him coolly, "*Be quiet, be-quiet, and ſhew yourſelf the wiser of the two.*"

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

JOHN HENDERSON, A. B.

THIS wonderful genius was born near Limerick, in Ireland, 1757, and died in 1788, at Oxford. He was buried in St. George's church, Kingſwood, near Briſtol. It is ſaid of him, that "His very infancy denoted ſomething extraordinary and great. He was born, as it were, a thinking being, and was never known to cry or to expreſs any infantine peeviſhneſs.—Thoſe years which are ſpent in weakneſs, ignorance, and the miſconceptions of the groſſeſt ſenſes, were marked by him with ſtrong intelligence. The queſtions he aſked, as ſoon as he was able to ſpeak, aſtoniſhed all who heard him, and ſhewed that he came into the world rather to teach others than to be taught by them."

Self-knowledge enabled him wonderfully to penetrate into the characters and motives of

orhers. The face—the voice, and the air, diſcloſed the moving principle within. And it is much to be queſtioned whether he was ever deceived in the judgment he formed of others.

Phyſiognomy (ſaid Mr. Henderſon) may increaſe a man's knowledge, but not his happineſs. The phyſiognomiſt firſt diſcovers the evil in another and afterwards the good. But the man unſkilled in the ſcience, firſt diſcovers the good which pleaſes him, afterwards the the evil which diſguſts him.

With almoſt every ſcience he was acquainted, yet was only *thirty years* of age when he died. The pious and the wiſe obſerved with delight his continued ſenſe of the divine preſence; his implicit confidence in an over-ruling Providence, and his belief in an inviſible world. Whenever he mentioned the name of the Majeſty of Heaven, like the pious Boyle, and the reaſoning Clarke, he obſerved a ſolemn pauſe, as conſcious in whoſe preſence he ſtood. His dreſs appeared very whimſical. To faſhion he paid not the ſmalleſt deference. His outward garments were prepoſterouſly large. His ſhirt collar had only one button,

and he never wore a ſtock or cravat, but ſometimes tied round his neck a black ribbon like a ſchool-boy. His ſhoe-buckles were as ſmall as thoſe worn at the knees. To hair-dreſſing he was a great enemy, and could never endure the application of curling irons, or the uſe of powder which he called *white duſt*. He was ſeldom known to be in a paſſion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow ſtudent, who not keeping his temper, threw a glaſs of wine in his face. Mr. Henderſon took out his handkerchief, wiped himſelf, and coolly ſaid, "*That, ſir, was a digreſſion, now for the argument.*"

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER,

By experience ſtern, to learning prone, a foe to diſobedience, a friend to emulation, aſſiduous in his avocations, regular as the coming morn; by many loved. Such the man whoſe daily cares were to learning given, and it is a pity his cares are not more gratefully owned.

ALGERINE JUSTICE.

A GREEK merchant, reſident at Algiers, in the year 1691, and during the Deylik of Hagi Chaban, had been in the habit of dropping a few aſpers into the hand of an old beggar, who ſat in the ſun near his houſe, making thread lace; but having occaſion to go for ſix months into Egypt, his charity was diſcontinued. At length however he returned, and began to repeat his accuſtomed gift. The beggar however declined it, ſaying it was better to pay him his arrears at once. "What arrears?" cried the merchant. "The ſum due to me," replied the old wretch, "during your abſence amounting to 180 reals." The Greek, not knowing whether his impudence deſerved more to be kicked or to be laughed at, left him, upon which he was immediately ſummoned before the Dey. The Moor alledged that the merchant had, for a whole month daily given him a real, and upon ſuch

an income he had left off work; that the merchant had gone away without the leaſt notice that his penſion was to ceaſe; that he had ſtill kept his poſt, praying for his return; beſides, relying on his accuſtomed liberality, he had contracted debts for his ſupport; but upon demanding his arrears the Greek had laughed at him.

The merchant did not diſown the truth of the premiſes, but inſiſted, that alms being voluntary, its continuance depended upon the will of the donor. The Dey however decreed that the beggar ſhould be paid, with a piaſter over and above for his reproaches, ſagely obſerving, that "he had no buſineſs to excite expectations that he did not mean to gratify." Hiſt. of Algiers, p. 90.

REMARK WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

AMIDST all the vices and all the enormities of the Algerine Turks (a people diſtinguiſhed for violence and rapacity, and almoſt every ſpecies of cruelty) ſome good qualities are ob-

ſervable. The moſt abandoned wretch never preſumes to utter the name of God in vain, or add it, by way of decoration, to his ribaldry. Idem, p. 169.

When will this be ſaid, even of men who glory in their ſuperior light and information?

THE OLD BACHELOR.

A CHARACTER.

THE temporal happineſs of man very much depends on his ſocial connections, and that moſt intimate connection which is formed by marriage, ſeems to me the faireſt chance which any man can have for domeſtic comfort. Throughout all my life, I have ever obſerved more happineſs in the family of a married man, than of a ſingle one. And of all miſerable mortals, I know none ſo miſerable as an old bachelor, one who has never formed a tender connection with a woman; for after all that can be ſaid, it is only with woman that we are to expect that tender concern and anxious ſo-

licitude which tempers diſtreſs, and renders our affections tolerable.

The preciſe old batchelor, is one of thoſe characters which is very naturally diſagreeable to the youth of both ſexes, inſomuch, that old batchelor, is almoſt a term of reproach. Let us ſurvey the old batchelor in all his glory. He gets up in the morning, and rings his bell; his ſervant attends to know what he would be pleaſed to have—becauſe he is paid for it.—The old bachelor orders breakfaſt of coffee, or tea, or chocolate, and his houſekeeper makes the tea, or coffee, or chocolate—becauſe ſhe is paid for it.—When this is over, he rings his bell again, and deſires the ſervant to remove the things; this the ſervant does—becauſe he is paid for it.—Next, old Celibacy orders his horſe to be got ready; the ſervant conveys the orders to the ſtable-keeper, who immediately ſends the horſe ſaddled and bridled—becauſe he too is paid for it.—While he is preparing to mount, the houſe-keeper aſks him what he will pleaſe to have for dinner; he ſwears an oath or two, and wonders how ſhe can aſk ſuch a queſtion ſo ſoon after breakfaſt. On his return he ſits down to dinner—which

ten to one he does not like; it is not his favourite diſh, or it is not well dreſt, there is not the proper ſauce, or the bread is ſtale; he then ſcolds the ſervants—they bear the ſcolding with great philoſophy—becauſe they are paid for it;—and if he threatens to diſmiſs them, they are equally indifferent, becauſe they can ſoon get another ſervice in a family where there is one to ſuperintend the whole, and take the blame off their ſhoulders—The dinner being over, he drinks a bottle with an acquaintance, and then enjoys the ſuperlative ſatisfaction of railing againſt the female ſex, and, perhaps, ſinging a fooliſh ſong, or giving a fooliſh toaſt in favour of celibacy, all of which his friend agrees to, becauſe he—likes the wine!

All this being over, the friend, or friends leave him, and he dozes away the time until ſupper, which is ſerved up in great order by his ſervants—becauſe they are paid for it;—and after falling aſleep in his chair, he is wakened by his uneaſy poſture—after which he goes quietlyand orderly to bed, with the re-

flection, that there is not a single person in the house, who cares whether he be found dead or alive in his bed next morning.

So much for old bachelors.—What is the inference from all this? The plain inference from this is, that as a young man is in a situation to provide for a family, the most prudent thing he can do is to marry, if he wishes to avoid the temptations to which single men are expoſed, and values his integrity, his constitution, or his temporal happiness.

THE FISHERMAN

Dwelt in a little hovel by the river side, patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, industry in his front, and in his eye anticipation—unacquainted with letters, unskilled in artifice, save in the line of his profession; mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones—Mary was thrifty as well as faithful; by spinning she procured

ſome few luxuries, but then her "humble wiſhes never learnt to ſtray." It was her ſole pride to nouriſh with tenderneſs her infants; to have a clean hearth, a ſparkling fire, and at church to appear decent. Oh! hateful ambition, was it not for thee we ſhould all of us travel placidly through the valley of life; war would ceaſe to devaſtate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

INSTANCE OF BENEVOLENCE.

TWO boats ſet out from Dover in ſtormy weather to aſſiſt a veſſel in diſtreſs: one, containing three ſailors, was overſet; one of the ſailors ſunk immediately to the bottom, the others were ſtruggling for life. When a rope was thrown to one of them from the men in the other boat, he refuſed it, crying out, "Fling it to Tom, he is now ready to ſink, and I can laſt ſometime longer." They did ſo, Tom was drawn into the boat; and then the rope was flung to the generous tar, juſt in time to ſave him from being drowned.

A CAUTION TO CELIA.

A YOUNG girl, who had a crowd of profaic and poetical ſuiters, once telling an intelligent man who had long paid his addreſſes to her, that *her other admirers praiſed her much more than he did*, he ſent her the following Stanzas:

You've been told that your boſom's like *ſnow*,
But that's for the ſake of the jeſt;
'Tis as *cold*, ſays the languiſhing beau,
With a ſigh as his accents expreſt.
Though your eyes are as dim as a whiting's
To rubies they're ſurely compar'd,
But to Waller, and other men's writings,
You'll find the bard has repair'd.

Then take this Advice.

When Strephon writes encomiums on your eyes,
Look in your glaſs!—you'll be convinc'd *he lies;*
If chance he makes *extempore's* on your hair,
Bid him read Cowley, *and he'll find them there;*
And if he writes—"*in flames I do expire,*"—
Be ſure you put his verſes in the fire.

CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN STURGES, LL. D. PREBENDARY OF WINCHESTER.

[*From Reflections on the Principles and Institutions of Popery.*]

WYCKLIFF

LED the way to the Engliſh reformation, and by his opinions and writings began to diſpel the darkneſs in which the religion of his country was involved. His name became of courſe, odious in the higheſt degree to the partiſans of the doctrines and juriſdiction of the Roman ſee: all his opinions adverſe to theſe were formally condemned, and the council of Conſtance executed a ſort of impotent vengeance on him, by ordering his bones to be dug up many years after his death, and burnt. Nothing is more natural, than to ſuppoſe, that there might be ſome mixture of what was exceptionable among theſe opinions, conſidering

the early period in which he lived, the unimproved ſtate of all religious and uſeful learning, and the newneſs of the ground on which he ſtood againſt ſuch a hoſt of formidable adverſaries. But the vigour of his mind, in ſeizing the great principles on which the reformation in its maturer ſtate proceeded, and the courage with which he dared at that time to maintain them, placed him in the higheſt rank of merit among the reformers, and intitle him to the reſpect and gratitude of all proteſtant poſterity.

LUTHER.

It required a degree of perſeverance and intrepidity not leſs than that which Luther poſſeſſed, to make him engage in the arduous conteſt, to ſupport him through its continuance, and finally to give him ſuch ſucceſs in it, as to carry off from the allegiance of Rome, either under his own immediate ſtandard, or that of the allies connected with him by a common cauſe, ſo large a proportion of her ſubjects. For to him muſt be in a great meaſure attri-

buted all the branches of the reformation, which ſpread over the different parts of Europe, after he had firſt planted it in Germany. A wonderful atchievement this for a private German monk; and an inſtance, among many others, with what inconſiderable and appparently inadequate inſtruments the moſt important purpoſes of Providence are accompliſhed. Luther was in his manners and writings coarſe, preſuming, and impetuous; but theſe were qualities allied to thoſe which alone made him capable of ſupporting well the extraordinary character in which he appeared. I have always been ſtruck with his tranſlating the whole Bible into German, which is a claſſical book in that language, and has, I believe, as a tranſlation, maintained high credit down to latter times, as a ſingular proof of learning and ability. Whoever will conſider the difficulty of *one man's* executing ſuch a work at a period, when the knowledge of the original languages was rare, and the aſſiſtances of ſacred criticiſm and literature (which have been ſince ſo much multiplied) were inconſiderable and ſcanty, will be probably inclined to agree with me in this opinion.

ERASMUS.

Nothing could be more different from Luther's character than that of Erasmus, who was *equally sensible with him* of the abuses and superstitions of the Roman church. No man could expose them better by serious reasoning or elegant raillery. Of the external forms of monastic devotion none had a more perfect contempt. But he had not Luther's intrepidity to avow his opinions and to support them. Let us not, however, be too ready to blame him for not being willing to encounter dangers which were sufficient to impress terror on the stoutest mind; but be grateful to him for the service done to true christianity by the just conceptions of it expressed in his writings, for his early editions of the New Testament, and his labours on it, which are still consulted and read with utility and pleasure, and for his general merits to literature at large. To him, from his abundant erudition, from his good taste, and the captivating pleasantness of his style, alike removed from barbarism and pedantry,

and from that amenity of genius which rendered every ſubject he treated agreeable, was literature more indebted, than to any other perſon in the whole liſt of illuſtrious ſcholars, who flouriſhed on its revival.

At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
The glory of the prieſthood and the ſhame,
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove thoſe hoary Vandals off the ſtage.
Pope's Essay on Criticism.

FATHER PAUL.

Whenever unfortunate events are conſidered as *judgments from heaven* on the ſufferers, a paſſage from the incomparable Father Paul, on the death of the reformers Zuinglius and Ecolampadius, always occurs to me. "The catholics," ſays he, "attributed the death of both to divine Providence, which in compaſſion to the Swiſs nation had puniſhed and taken away the authors of diſcord. And it is certainly," he proceeds, "a pious and religious turn of mind to attribute the diſpoſal of every event to divine Providene, but to determine

for what purpose this ſupreme wiſdom cauſes ſuch events to take place, is little ſhort of preſumption. Men are ſo ſtrictly wedded to their own opinions, as to perſuade themſelves, that theſe opinions are as much cheriſhed and favoured by God, as by themſelves. But the events which followed, ſhowed, that after the death of theſe two perſons their doctrine made ſtill greater progreſs in the reformed cantons than before; *a manifest proof* that it proceeded from a higher cauſe, than the work of Zuinglius."

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

MR. GUY, the fonnder of the noble hoſpital that bears his name in London was as remarkable for his parsimony as his public munificence.—He invariably dined alone, and a ſoiled proof ſheet, or an old newſpaper was his conſtant ſubſtitute for a table cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening ſitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick

ſtove, and without any candle, a perſon, who came to enquire for him, was introduced, and, after the firſt compliments were paſſed, and the gueſt requeſted to take a ſeat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and deſired to know the purport of the gentleman's viſit. The viſitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope, in the lines—

" When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, that living, ſav'd a candle's-end."

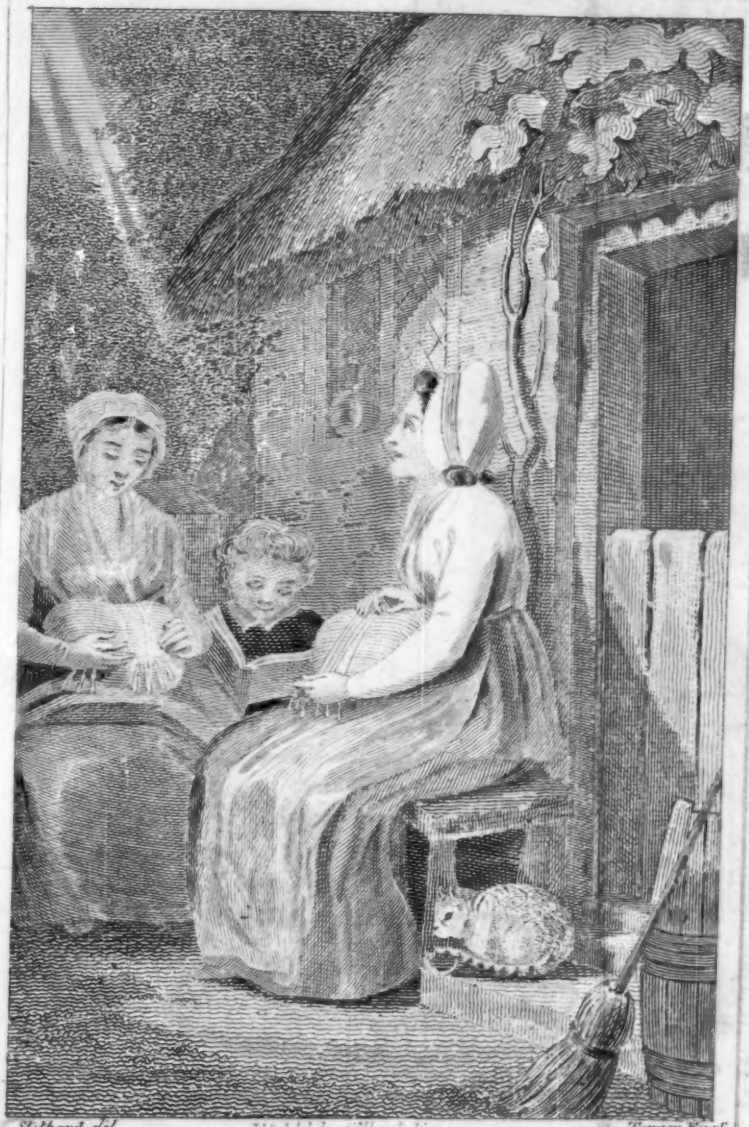
" I have been told," ſaid Hopkins, " that you, ſir, are better verſed in the prudent and neceſſary art of *saving*, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a leſſon of frugality; an art in which I uſed to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my ſuperior."—" And is that all you are come about?" ſaid Guy, " why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" ſo ſaying, he with great deliberation extinguiſhed his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this inſtance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himſelf convinced of the others ſuperior thrift, and took his leave.

THE COTTAGER.

FROM COWPER'S POEMS.

With an Elegant Engraving.

THE path to bliſs abounds with many a
ſnare;
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, firſt in literary fame,
(Mention him, if you pleaſe. Voltaire?—
The ſame.)
With ſpirit, genius, eloquence ſupplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and
died.
The ſcripture was his jeſt-book, whence he
drew
Bon mots to gall the Chriſtian and the Jew.
An infidel in health, but what when ſick?
Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick.
View him at Paris, in his laſt career:
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
Exalted on his pedeſtal of pride,
And ſum'd with franckincenſe on every ſide,
He begs their flatt'ry with his lateſt breath;
And, ſmother'd in't at laſt, is prais'd to death!



Yon Cottager, who weaves at her own door;
Pillow and bobbins all her little store.
Content tho' mean.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little ſtore;
Content, though mean; and cheerful, if not gay;
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Juſt earns a ſcanty pittance; and at night
Lies down ſecure, her heart and pocket light:
She, for her humble ſphere by nature fit,
Has little underſtanding, and no wit,
Receives no praiſe; but though her lot be ſuch,
(Toilſome and indigent) ſhe renders much;
Juſt knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with ſparkling eyes,
Her title to a treaſure in the ſkies.

Oh, happy peaſant! Oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinſel, her's the rich reward;
He prais'd perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He, loſt in errors, his vain heart prefers;
She, ſafe in the ſimplicity of her's.

Not many wiſe, rich, noble or profound
In ſcience, win one inch of heav'nly ground.
And is it not a mortifying thought
The poor ſhould gain it, and the rich ſhould not?
No—the volupt'aries, who ne'er forget
One pleaſure loſt, loſe heav'n without regret;
Regret would rouſe them, and give birth to pray'r;
Pray'r would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all in this,
Or aught he does, is govern'd by caprice;
The ſuppoſition is replete with ſin,
And bears the brand of blaſphemy burnt in.
Not ſo—the ſilver trumpet's heav'nly call
Sounds for the poor, but ſounds alike for all:
Kings are invited; and, would kings obey,
No ſlaves on earth more welcome were than they:
But royalty, nobility, and ſtate,
Are ſuch a dead preponderating weight,
That endleſs bliſs, (how ſtrange ſoe'er it ſeem)
In counterpoiſe, flies up and kicks the beam.
'Tis open, and ye cannot enter—why?
Becauſe ye will not, Conyers would reply—
And he ſays much that many may diſpute
And cavil at with eaſe, but none refute.
Oh, bleſs'd effect of penury and want,
The ſeed ſown there, how vig'rous is the plant!
No ſoil like poverty for growth divine,
As leaneſt land ſupplies the richeſt wine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nouriſh pride, or turn the weakeſt head:
To them the ſounding jargon of the ſchools
Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools:
The light they walk by, kindled from above,
Shows them the ſhorteſt way to life and love:
They ſtrangers to the controverſial field,
Where deiſts, always foil'd, yet ſcorn to yield,
And never check'd by what impedes the wiſe,
Believe, ruſh forward, and poſſeſs the prize.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

ON airy downs the ſhepherd idling lies,
And ſees to-morrow in the marbled ſkies.
Here then, my ſoul, thy darling theme purſue,
For every day was Giles a *shepherd* too.
Small was his charge; no wilds had they to roam,
But bright encloſures circling round their home.
Nor yellow bloſſom'd furze, nor ſtubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:
Yet ever roving, ever ſeeking thee,
Enchanting ſpirit, dear Variety!
O happy tenants, priſoners of a day!
Releas'd to eaſe, to pleaſure and to play;
Indulg'd thro' every field by turns to range,
And taſte them all in one continued change.
For though luxuriant their graſſy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loath the preſent good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And ſtarve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon paſture how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his uſual ſtroll;
Sees every paſs ſecur'd, and fences whole:

High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a neſtling firſt eſſays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly ſtreak'd
with red,
And reſts on every bough its tender head;
Round the young aſh its twining branches
meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours ſweet.
Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and ſeen,
Spring's morning ſmiles, and ſoul-enlivening
green,
Say, did you give the thrilling tranſport way!
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at
play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry cluſters by your ſide?
Ye who can ſmile, to wiſdom no diſgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If ſpotleſs innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praiſe, or gives reflection birth;
In ſhades like theſe purſue your fav'rite joy,
Midſt Nature's revels, ſports that never cloy.
A few begin a ſhort but vigorous race,
And indolence abaſh'd ſoon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, ſee thither one by one,
From every ſide aſſembling playmates run;
A thouſand wily anticks mark their ſtay,
A ſtarting crowd impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful priſon freed,
Each ſeems to ſay, "Come, let us try our
ſpeed:"
Away they ſcour, impetuous, ardent ſtrong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;

Adown the ſlope; then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting ſtop; yet ſcarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will ſet them off again:
Or, if a gale with ſtrength unuſual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roſes into ſnow,
Their little limbs increaſing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair aſſemblage fly.
Ah, fallen roſe! ſad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyſelf, they periſh while they bloom!
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the ſavage deed,
Their ſhepherd comes a meſſenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their ſports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murd'ring *butcher* with his cart
Demands the firſtlings of his flock to die,
And makes a ſport of life and liberty!
His gay companions *Giles* beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
Nor can compaſſion with her ſofteſt notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges through their throats:
Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!
Away the ſhocking image from my ſoul!
Let kindlier viſitants attend my way,
Beneath approaching *Summer's* fervid ray;
Nor thankleſs glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilſt the ſweet theme is *univerſal joy*.

THE CHOICE.

SHOULD e'er kind Providence vouchſafe to give
Me free permiſſion as I'd chuſe to live,
I'd firſt ſelect ſome rural, ſnug retreat,
With a ſmall cottage, elegantly neat,
Encircling ivy ſhould its walls entwine,
The fragrant roſe, and lovely jeſſamine,
To grace my humble dwelling, ſhould combine.
Six fertile acres of the richeſt ground,
My little manſion ſhould incloſe around;
Whilſt the ſoft murmurs of ſome purling rill,
The raviſh'd ear with pleaſing ſounds ſhould fill.
A pleaſant garden too I'd have, well ſtor'd
With choiceſt fruits, to decorate my board;
And when the mind, from gleaſing ſtudy free,
Should ſeem diſpos'd to ſociability,
I'd chuſe ſome friend, who innocently gay,
Should with me paſs a chearful hour away;
A friend, of manners gentle, and refin'd,
The pride, and ornament of the human kind!
Thus bleſs'd (together with an income clear,
Of juſt one hundred ſterling pounds a year),

Secure from want, life's fleeting hours I'd
ſpend,
In ſerving God, my neighbour, and myfriend:
Nor envy thoſe, to whom indulgent heav'n,
Has greater wealth, and better fortune giv'n.

THE SHIPWRECK.

FOUR hours have fled ſince like a fiery orb
In ſplendour lurid ſank the lamp of day,
And eve breaks off abruptly into night;
Horror-clad ſhe comes, ſpreading wild terror
O'er this nether world—Till now, ne'er heard I
Such warring elemental ſtrife—Methinks
That lightning clad hell's genius rides the
Wild-wing of the ſtorm—The earth's con-
vuls'd, and
Ocean ſurges mingle with the clouds—
Hear'd you that ſound! twas the ſignal ſad of
Wave-worn mariners, whoſe bark, impell'd
On with furious haſte, againſt their efforts
Flies, to where the ſurge in dreadful thunders
Break upon the ſounding ſhore—
But dimly
Seen, behold yon female form, around whoſe
Head the vivid lightnings play, the while her
Locks looſe flowing laſh her beauteous face:

'Tis Eleanor, ſhe the blue-eye'd maid whom
Edward lov'd.
Three annual ſuns have roll'd,
Since, for to reinſtate th' injur'd fortune
Of a much'd-lov'd parent, he to eaſtern
Realms did ſail—What bodings fatal ruſh'd on
Eleanor's mind! what ſecret terrors
Then uſurp'd her ſoul, with what eloquence
(Love-taught) in tears againſt it did ſhe plead,
Herſelf, her fortune, all offering, him
To detain—He of noble ſoul, refus'd
In his own woes the fair-one to involve;
Her ſorrowing he left—
But the tidings
Of a grief-worn father waning to the
Tomb, now aſk his quick return.
From morning's
Dawn till night with murky veil enwraps the
Ocean wide, does Eleanor watch
Each coming ſail, and in expectance ſighs.
Laſt eve retiring, ſcarce on the pillow
Had ſhe thrown her, when, ſcar'd by the fleeting
Viſion of the night ſhe 'woke, and o'er her
Hear'd the ſtormy wild uproar—
Up ſhe ſprang—and ſoon to yon rock, which
O'er the troublous deep impends, ſhe flies, and
Thro' the miſts of moody night, aſſiſted
By the lightnings glare, behold yon ſhatter'd
Veſſel driven by the furious ſtorm,
To ſure deſtruction on yon pointed
Crags—Hark! that ſhriek diſtreſs'd! ſhe
ſtrikes! ſhe ſplits!

And to the waves the wretched ſailor flings—
Behold, on the boiling billows borne, a
Youth, who with nervous arm 'gainſt death contend;
Eleanor ſees him—Oh! 'tis Edward!
At what a fatal hour to meet—See, from
The pendent rock ſhe plunges in the deep,
And claſps her Edward in the hour of death.
In chaſte embrace they 'mid the waves go down!
Angels of bliſs, their ſpotleſs ſpirits bear
To where life's troublous ſtorms are felt no more.

THE LAMB.

" A new fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline paſt,
In pity ſhe turn'd to behold, [blaſt,
How it ſhiver'd and ſhrunk from the mercileſs
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
Its ſoft form to her boſom ſhe preſt;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated, and died on her breaſt.

The moraliſt then, as the corſe ſhe reſign'd,
And, weeping, ſpring flowers o'er it laid,
Thus muſed, " So it fares with the delicate mind,
" To the tempeſts of fortune betray'd.

" Too tender, like thee, the rude ſhock to ſuſtain,
" And deny'd the relief which would ſave;
" 'Tis loſt, and when pity and kindneſs are vain,
" Thus we dreſs the poor ſufferer's grave."

To A Young Lady devoted to Religion.

FAIR devotee to virtue's ſpotleſs cauſe!
May min'ſtrant angels foſter your intent;
For mild to you appear the Saviour's laws,
And all his maxims meet your beſt conſent.

Whilſt others dance along the gay ſaloon,
Where art's full light ſheds imitative day,
Or through the Park beneath the waneing noon,
Spread all their charms, elaborately gay:

'Tis yours to weigh life's temporary joys,
To point young paſſion to its nobleſt end,
To ſhun the vain, whoſe frothy converſe cloys,
And woo religion as your darling friend.

Averſe to follies that from cuſtom ſpring,
Your placid boſom ſhall no anguiſh know;
And truth ſhall mount you on his ſeraph wing,
Far from theſe ſublunary mounds of woe.

Adjoin'd to virtue, ne'er from her recede;
Then as your perſon ſhall your mind appear,
Replete with grace, to beautify each deed;
And fraught with laſting charms, to bleſs each future year!

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John Simpsons
Book